

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1881.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.¹

XIX.

As Mrs. Touchett had foretold, Isabel and Madame Merle were thrown much together during the illness of their host, and if they had not become intimate, it would have been almost a breach of good manners. Their manners were of the best; but in addition to this they happened to please each other. It is perhaps too much to say that they swore an eternal friendship; but tacitly, at least, they called the future to witness. Isabel did so with a perfectly good conscience, although she would have hesitated to admit that she was intimate with her new friend in the sense which she privately attached to this term. She often wondered, indeed, whether she ever had been, or ever could be, intimate with any one. She had an ideal of friendship, as well as for several other sentiments, and it did not seem to her in this case—it had not seemed to her in other cases—that the actual completely expressed it. But she often reminded herself that there were essential reasons why one's ideal could not become concrete. It was a thing to believe in, not to see—a matter of faith, not of experience. Experience, however, might supply us with very creditable imitations of it, and the part of wisdom was to make the best of these. Certainly, on the whole, Isabel had never encountered a

more agreeable and interesting woman than Madame Merle; she had never met a woman who had less of that fault which is the principal obstacle to friendship—the air of reproducing the more tiresome parts of one's own personality. The gates of the girl's confidence were opened wider than they had ever been; she said things to Madame Merle that she had not yet said to any one. Sometimes she took alarm at her candour; it was as if she had given to a comparative stranger the key to her cabinet of jewels. These spiritual gems were the only ones of any magnitude that Isabel possessed; but that was all the greater reason why they should be carefully guarded. Afterwards, however, the girl always said to herself that one should never regret a generous error, and that if Madame Merle had not the merits she attributed to her, so much the worse for Madame Merle. There was no doubt she had great merits—she was a charming, sympathetic, intelligent, cultivated woman. More than this (for it had not been Isabel's ill-fortune to go through life without meeting several persons of her own sex, of whom no less could fairly be said), she was rare, she was superior, she was pre-eminent. There are a great many amiable people in the world, and Madame Merle was far from being vulgarly good-natured and restlessly witty. She knew how to

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think—an accomplishment rare in women; and she had thought to very good purpose. Of course, too, she knew how to feel; Isabel could not have spent a week with her without being sure of that. This was, indeed, Madame Merle's great talent, her most perfect gift. Life had told upon her; she had felt it strongly, and it was part of the satisfaction that Isabel found in her society that when the girl talked of what she was pleased to call serious matters, her companion understood her so easily and quickly. Emotion, it is true, had become with her rather historic; she made no secret of the fact that the fountain of sentiment, thanks to having been rather violently tapped at one period, did not flow quite so freely as of yore. Her pleasure was now to judge rather than to feel; she freely admitted that of old she had been rather foolish, and now she pretended to be wise.

"I judge more than I used to," she said to Isabel; "but it seems to me that I have earned the right. One can't judge till one is forty; before that we are too eager, too hard, too cruel, and in addition too ignorant. I am sorry for you; it will be a long time before you are forty. But every gain is a loss of some kind; I often think that after forty one can't really feel. The freshness, the quickness have certainly gone. You will keep them longer than most people; it will be a great satisfaction to me to see you some years hence. I want to see what life makes of you. One thing is certain—it can't spoil you. It may pull you about horribly; but I defy it to break you up."

Isabel received this assurance as a young soldier, still panting from a slight skirmish in which he has come off with honour, might receive a pat on the shoulder from his colonel. Like such a recognition of merit, it seemed to come with authority. How could the lightest word do less, of a person who was prepared to say, of almost everything Isabel told her—"Oh, I have been in that, my dear; it passes,

like everything else." Upon many of her interlocutors, Madame Merle might have produced an irritating effect; it was so difficult to surprise her. But Isabel, though by no means incapable of desiring to be effective, had not at present this motive. She was too sincere, too interested in her judicious companion. And then, moreover, Madame Merle never said such things in the tone of triumph or of boastfulness: they dropped from her like grave confessions.

A period of bad weather had settled down upon Gardencourt; the days grew shorter, and there was an end to the pretty tea-parties on the lawn. But Isabel had long in-door conversations with her fellow-visitor, and, in spite of the rain, the two ladies often sallied forth for a walk, equipped with the defensive apparatus which the English climate and the English genius have between them brought to such perfection. Madame Merle was very appreciative; she liked almost everything, including the English rain. "There is always a little of it, and never too much at once," she said; "and it never wets you, and it always smells good." She declared that in England the pleasures of smell were great—that in this inimitable island there was a certain mixture of fog and beer and soot which, however odd it might sound, was the national aroma and was most agreeable to the nostril; and she used to lift the sleeve of her British overcoat and bury her nose in it, to inhale the clear, fine odour of the wool. Poor Ralph Touchett, as soon as the autumn had begun to define itself, became almost a prisoner; in bad weather he was unable to step out of the house, and he used sometimes to stand at one of the windows, with his hands in his pockets, and, with a countenance half rueful, half critical, watch Isabel and Madame Merle as they walked down the avenue under a pair of umbrellas. The roads about Gardencourt were so firm, even in the worst weather, that the two ladies always came back with a healthy

glow in their cheeks, looking at the soles of their neat, stout boots, and declaring that this walk had done them inexpressible good. Before lunch, Madame Merle was always engaged; Isabel admired the inveteracy with which she occupied herself. Our heroine had always passed for a person of resources, and had taken a certain pride in being one; but she envied the talents, the accomplishments, the aptitudes, of Madame Merle. She found herself desiring to emulate them, and in this and other ways Madame Merle presented herself as a model. "I should like to be like that!" Isabel secretly exclaimed, more than once, as one of her friend's numerous facets suddenly took the light, and before long she knew that she had taken a lesson from this exemplary woman. It took no very long time, indeed, for Isabel to feel that she was, as the phrase is, under an influence. "What is the harm," she asked herself, "so long as it is a good one? The more one is under a good influence the better. The only thing is to see our steps as we take them—to understand them as we go. That I think I shall always do. I needn't be afraid of becoming too pliable; it is my fault that I am not pliable enough." It is said that imitation is the sincerest flattery; and if Isabel was tempted to reproduce in her deportment some of the most graceful features of that of her friend, it was not so much because she desired to shine herself as because she wished to hold up the lamp for Madame Merle. She liked her extremely; but she admired her even more than she liked her. She sometimes wondered what Henrietta Stackpole would say to her thinking so much of this brilliant fugitive from a sterner social order; and had a conviction that Henrietta would not approve of it. Henrietta would not like Madame Merle; for reasons that she could not have defined, this truth came home to Isabel. On the other hand she was equally sure that should the occasion offer, her new

friend would accommodate herself perfectly to her old; Madame Merle was too humorous, too observant not to do justice to Henrietta, and on becoming acquainted with her would probably give the measure of a tact which Miss Stackpole could not hope to emulate. She appeared to have, in her experience, a touchstone for everything, and somewhere in the capacious pocket of her genial memory she would find the key to Henrietta's virtues. "That is the great thing," Isabel reflected; "that is the supreme good fortune: to be in a better position for appreciating people than they are for appreciating you." And she added that this, when one considered it, was simply the essence of the aristocratic situation. In this light, if in none other, one should aim at the aristocratic situation.

I cannot enumerate all the links in the chain which led Isabel to think of Madame Merle's situation as aristocratic—a view of it never expressed in any reference made to it by that lady herself. She had known great things and great people, but she had never played a great part. She was one of the small ones of the earth; she had not been born to honours; she knew the world too well to be guilty of any fatuous illusions on the subject of her own place in it. She had known a good many of the fortunate few, and was perfectly aware of those points at which their fortune differed from hers. But if by her own measure she was nothing of a personage, she had yet, to Isabel's imagination, a sort of greatness. To be so graceful, so gracious, so wise, so good, and to make so light of it all—that was really to be a great lady; especially when one looked so much like one. If Madame Merle, however, made light of her advantages as regards the world, it was not because she had not, for her own entertainment, taken them, as I have intimated, as seriously as possible. Her natural talents, for instance; these she had zealously cultivated. After breakfast she wrote a success-

sion of letters; her correspondence was a source of surprise to Isabel when they sometimes walked together to the village post-office, to deposit Madame Merle's contribution to the mail. She knew a multitude of people, and, as she told Isabel, something was always turning up to be written about. Of painting she was devotedly fond, and made no more of taking a sketch than of pulling off her gloves. At Gardencourt she was perpetually taking advantage of an hour's sunshine to go out with a camp-stool and a box of water-colours. That she was a brilliant musician we have already perceived, and it was evidence of the fact that when she seated herself at the piano, as she always did in the evening, her listeners resigned themselves without a murmur to losing the entertainment of her talk. Isabel, since she had known Madame Merle, felt ashamed of her own playing, which she now looked upon as meagre and artless; and indeed, though she had been thought to play very well, the loss to society when, in taking her place upon the music-stool, she turned her back to the room, was usually deemed greater than the gain. When Madame Merle was neither writing, nor painting, nor touching the piano, she was usually employed upon wonderful morsels of picturesque embroidery, cushions, curtains, decorations for the chimney-piece; a sort of work in which her bold, free invention was as remarkable as the agility of her needle. She was never idle, for when she was engaged in none of the ways I have mentioned, she was either reading (she appeared to Isabel to read everything important), or walking out, or playing patience with the cards, or talking with her fellow inmates. And with all this, she always had the social quality; she never was preoccupied, she never pressed too hard. She laid down her pastimes as easily as she took them up; she worked and talked at the same time, and she appeared to attach no importance to anything she did. She gave away her sketches and

tapestries; she rose from the piano, or remained there, according to the convenience of her auditors, which she always unerringly divined. She was, in short, a most comfortable, profitable, agreeable person to live with. If for Isabel she had a fault, it was that she was not natural; by which the girl meant, not that she was affected or pretentious; for from these vulgar vices no woman could have been more exempt; but that her nature had been too much overlaid by custom and her angles too much smoothed. She had become too flexible, too supple; she was too finished, too civilised. She was in a word too perfectly the social animal that man and woman are supposed to have been intended to be; and she had rid herself of every remnant of that wildness and acridity which we may assume to have belonged even to the most amiable persons in ages where social friction had lasted less long among mankind than it has to-day. Isabel found it difficult to think of Madame Merle as an isolated figure; she existed only in her relations with her fellow-mortals. Isabel often wondered what her relations might be with her own soul. She always ended, however, by feeling that having a charming surface does not necessarily prove that one is superficial; this was an illusion in which, in her youth, she had only just sufficiently escaped being nourished. Madame Merle was not superficial—not she. She was deep; and her nature spoke none the less in her behaviour because it spoke a conventional language. "What is language at all but a convention?" said Isabel. "She has the good taste not to pretend, like some people I have met, to express herself by original signs."

"I am afraid you have suffered much," Isabel once found occasion to say to her, in response to some allusion that she had dropped.

"What makes you think that?" Madame Merle asked, with a picturesque smile. "I hope I have not the pose of a martyr."

"No; but you sometimes say things that I think people who have always been happy would not have found out."

"I have not always been happy!" said Madame Merle, smiling still, but with a mock gravity, as if she were telling a child a secret. "What a wonderful thing!"

"A great many people give me the impression of never having felt anything very much," Isabel answered.

"It's very true; there are more iron pots, I think, than porcelain ones. But you may depend upon it that every one has something; even the hardest iron pots have a little bruise, a little hole, somewhere. I flatter myself that I am rather stout porcelain; but if I must tell you the truth I have been chipped and cracked! I do very well for service yet, because I have been cleverly mended; and I try to remain in the cupboard—the quiet, dusky cupboard, where there is an odour of stale spices—as much as I can. But when I have to come out, and into a strong light, then, my dear, I am a horror!"

I know not whether it was on this occasion or some other, that when the conversation had taken the turn I have just indicated, she said to Isabel that some day she would relate her history. Isabel assured her that she should delight to listen to it, and reminded her more than once of this engagement. Madame Merle, however, appeared to desire a postponement, and at last frankly told the young girl that she must wait till they knew each other better. This would certainly happen; a long friendship lay before them. Isabel assented, but at the same time asked Madame Merle if she could not trust her—if she feared a betrayal of confidence.

"It is not that I am afraid of your repeating what I say," the elder lady answered; "I am afraid, on the contrary, of your taking it too much to yourself. You would judge me too harshly; you are of the cruel age." She preferred for the present to talk

to Isabel about Isabel, and exhibited the greatest interest in our heroine's history, her sentiments, opinions, prospects. She made her chatter, and listened to her chatter with inexhaustible sympathy and good nature. In all this there was something flattering to the girl, who knew that Madame Merle knew a great many distinguished people, and had lived, as Mrs. Touchett said, in the best company in Europe. Isabel thought the better of herself for enjoying the favour of a person who had so large a field of comparison; and it was perhaps partly to gratify this sense of profiting by comparison that she often begged her friend to tell her about the people she knew. Madame Merle had been a dweller in many lands, and had social ties in a dozen different countries. "I don't pretend to be learned," she would say, "but I think I know my Europe;" and she spoke one day of going to Sweden to stay with an old friend, and another of going to Wallachia to follow up a new acquaintance. With England, where she had often stayed, she was thoroughly familiar; and for Isabel's benefit threw a great deal of light upon the customs of the country and the character of the people, who "after all," as she was fond of saying, were the finest people in the world.

"You must not think it strange, her staying in the house at such a time as this, when Mr. Touchett is passing away," Mrs. Touchett remarked to Isabel. "She is incapable of doing anything indiscreet; she is the best-bred woman I know. It's a favour to me that she stays; she is putting off a lot of visits at great houses," said Mrs. Touchett, who never forgot that when she herself was in England her social value sank two or three degrees in the scale. "She has her pick of places; she is not in want of a shelter. But I have asked her to stay because I wish you to know her. I think it will be a good thing for you. Geraldine Merle has no faults."

"If I didn't already like her very much that description might alarm me," Isabel said.

"She never does anything wrong. I have brought you out here, and I wish to do the best for you. Your sister Lily told me that she hoped I would give you plenty of opportunities. I give you one in securing Madame Merle. She is one of the most brilliant women in Europe."

"I like her better than I like your description of her," Isabel persisted in saying.

"Do you flatter yourself that you will find a fault in her? I hope you will let me know when you do."

"That will be cruel—to you," said Isabel.

"You needn't mind me. You never will find one."

"Perhaps not; but I think I shall not miss it."

"She is always up to the mark!" said Mrs. Touchett.

Isabel after this said to Madame Merle that she hoped she knew Mrs. Touchett believed she had not a fault.

"I am obliged to you, but I am afraid your aunt has no perception of spiritual things," Madame Merle answered.

"Do you mean by that that you have spiritual faults?"

"Ah no; I mean nothing so flat! I mean that having no faults, for your aunt, means that one is never late for dinner—that is, for *her* dinner. I was not late, by the way, the other day, when you came back from London; the clock was just at eight when I came into the drawing-room; it was the rest of you that were before the time. It means that one answers a letter the day one gets it, and that when one comes to stay with her one doesn't bring too much luggage, and is careful not to be taken ill. For Mrs. Touchett those things constitute virtue; it's a blessing to be able to reduce it to its elements."

Madame Merle's conversation, it will be perceived, was enriched with

bold, free, touches of criticism, which, even when they had a restrictive effect, never struck Isabel as ill-natured. It never occurred to the girl, for instance, that Mrs. Touchett's accomplished guest was abusing her; and this for very good reasons. In the first place Isabel agreed with her; in the second Madame Merle implied that there was a great deal more to say; and in the third, to speak to one without ceremony of one's near relations was an agreeable sign of intimacy. These signs of intimacy multiplied as the days elapsed, and there was none of which Isabel was more sensible than of her companion's preference for making Miss Archer herself a topic. Though she alluded frequently to the incidents of her own life, she never lingered upon them; she was as little of an egotist as she was of a gossip.

"I am old, and stale, and faded," she said more than once; "I am of no more interest than last week's newspaper. You are young and fresh, and of to-day; you have the great thing—you have actuality. I once had it—we all have it for an hour. You, however, will have it for longer. Let us talk about you, then; you can say nothing that I shall not care to hear. It is a sign that I am growing old—that I like to talk with younger people. I think it's a very pretty compensation. If we can't have youth within us we can have it outside of us, and I really think we see it and feel it better that way. Of course we must be in sympathy with it—that I shall always be. I don't know that I shall ever be ill-natured with old people—I hope not; there are certainly some old people that I adore. But I shall never be ill-natured with the young; they touch me too much. I give you *carte blanche*, then; you can even be impertinent if you like; I shall let it pass. I talk as if I were a hundred years old, you say? Well, I am, if you please; I was born before the French Revolution. Ah, my dear *je viens de loin*; I

belong to the old world. But it is not of that I wish to talk; I wish to talk about the new. You must tell me more about America; you never tell me enough. Here I have been since I was brought here as a helpless child, and it is ridiculous, or rather it's scandalous, how little I know about the land of my birth. There are a great many of us like that, over here; and I must say I think we are a wretched set of people. You should live in your own country; whatever it may be you have your natural place there. If we are not good Americans we are certainly poor Europeans; we have no natural place here. We are mere parasites, crawling over the surface; we haven't our feet in the soil. At least one can know it, and not have illusions. A woman, perhaps, can get on; a woman, it seems to me, has no natural place anywhere; wherever she finds herself she has to remain on the surface and, more or less, to crawl. You protest, my dear! you are horrified! you declare you will never crawl! It is very true that I don't see you crawling; you stand more upright than a good many poor creatures. Very good; on the whole, I don't think you will crawl. But the men, the Americans; *je vous demande un peu*, what do they make of it over here? I don't envy them, trying to arrange themselves. Look at poor Ralph Touchett; what sort of a figure do you call that? Fortunately he has got a consumption; I say fortunately, because it gives him something to do. His consumption is his career; it's a kind of position. You can say, 'Oh, Mr. Touchett, he takes care of his lungs, he knows a great deal about climates.' But without that, who would he be, what would he represent? 'Mr. Ralph Touchett, an American who lives in Europe.' That signifies absolutely nothing—it's impossible that anything should signify loss. 'He is very cultivated, they say; he has got a very pretty collection of old snuff-boxes.' The collection is all that is wanted to make it pitiful. I am tired of the

sound of the word; I think it's grotesque. With the poor old father it's different; he has his identity, and it is rather a massive one. He represents a great financial house, and that, in our day, is as good as anything else. For an American, at any rate, that will do very well. But I persist in thinking your cousin is very lucky to have a chronic malady; so long as he doesn't die of it. It's much better than the snuff-boxes. If he were not ill, you say, he would do something?—he would take his father's place in the house. My poor child, I doubt it; I don't think he is at all fond of the house. However, you know him better than I, though I used to know him rather well, and he may have the benefit of the doubt. The worst case, I think, is a friend of mine, a countryman of ours, who lives in Italy (where he also was brought before he knew better), and who is one of the most delightful men I know. Some day you must know him. I will bring you together, and then you will see what I mean. He is Gilbert Osmond—he lives in Italy; that is all one can say about him. He is exceedingly clever, a man made to be distinguished; but, as I say, you exhaust the description when you say that he is Mr. Osmond, who lives in Italy. No career, no name, no position, no fortune, no past, no future, no anything. Oh yes, he paints, if you please—paints in water-colours, like me, only better than I. His painting is pretty bad; on the whole I am rather glad of that. Fortunately he is very indolent, so indolent that it amounts to a sort of position. He can say, 'Oh, I do nothing; I am too deadly lazy. You can do nothing to-day unless you get up at five o'clock in the morning.' In that way he becomes a sort of exception; you feel that he might do something if he would only rise early. He never speaks of his painting—to people at large; he is too clever for that. But he has a little girl—a dear little girl; he does speak of her. He is devoted

to her, and if it were a career to be an excellent father he would be very distinguished. But I am afraid that is no better than the snuff-boxes; perhaps not even so good. Tell me what they do in America?" pursued Madame Merle, who it must be observed, parenthetically, did not deliver herself all at once of these reflections, which are presented in a cluster for the convenience of the reader. She talked of Florence, where Mr. Osmond lived, and where Mrs. Touchett occupied a mediæval place; she talked of Rome, where she herself had a little *pied-à-terre*, with some rather good old damask. She talked of places, of people, and even, as the phrase is, of "subjects"; and from time to time she talked of their kind old host and of the prospect of his recovery. From the first she had thought this prospect small, and Isabel had been struck with the positive, discriminating, competent way which she took of the measure of his remainder of life. One evening she announced definitely that he would not live.

"Sir Matthew Hope told me so, as plainly as was proper," she said; "standing there, near the fire, before dinner. He makes himself very agreeable, the great doctor. I don't mean that his saying that has anything to do with it. But he says such things with great tact. I had said to him that I felt ill at my ease, staying here at such a time; it seemed to me so indiscreet—it was not as if I could nurse. 'You must remain, you must remain,' he answered; 'your office will come later.' Was not that a very delicate way both of saying that poor Mr. Touchett would go, and that I might be of some use as a consoler? In fact, however, I shall not be of the slightest use. Your aunt will console herself; she, and she alone, knows just how much consolation she will require. It would be a very delicate matter for another person to undertake to administer the dose. With your cousin it will be different; he

will miss his father sadly. But I should never presume to condole with Mr. Ralph; we are not on those terms."

Madame Merle had alluded more than once to some undefined incongruity in her relations with Ralph Touchett; so Isabel took this occasion of asking her if they were not good friends.

"Perfectly; but he doesn't like me."

"What have you done to him?"

"Nothing whatever. But one has no need of a reason for that."

"For not liking you? I think one has need of a very good reason?"

"You are very kind. Be sure you have one ready for the day when you begin."

"Begin to dislike you? I shall never begin."

"I hope not; because if you do, you will never end. That is the way with your cousin; he doesn't get over it. It's an antipathy of nature—if I can call it that when it is all on his side. I have nothing whatever against him, and don't bear him the least little grudge for not doing me justice. Justice is all I ask. However, one feels that he is a gentleman, and would never say anything underhand about one. *Cartes sur table*," Madame Merle subjoined in a moment; "I am not afraid of him."

"I hope not, indeed," said Isabel, who added something about his being the kindest fellow living. She remembered, however, that on her first asking him about Madame Merle he had answered her in a manner which this lady might have thought injurious without being explicit. There was something between them, Isabel said to herself, but she said nothing more than this. If it were something of importance, it should inspire respect; if it were not, it was not worth her curiosity. With all her love of knowledge, Isabel had a natural shrinking from raising curtains and looking into unlighted corners. The love of knowledge co-existed in her

mind with a still tenderer love of ignorance.

But Madame Merle sometimes said things that startled her, made her raise her clear eyebrows at the time, and think of the words afterwards.

"I would give a great deal to be your age again," she broke out once, with a bitterness which, though diluted in her customary smile, was by no means disguised by it. "If I could only begin again—if I could have my life before me!"

"Your life is before you yet," Isabel answered gently, for she was vaguely awe-struck.

"No; the best part is gone, and gone for nothing!"

"Surely not for nothing," said Isabel.

"Why not—what have I got? Neither husband, nor child, nor fortune, nor position, nor the traces of a beauty which I never had!"

"You have friends, dear lady."

"I am not so sure!" cried Madame Merle.

"Ah, you are wrong. You have memories, talents——"

Madame Merle interrupted her.

"What have my talents brought me? Nothing but the need of using them still, to get through the hours, the years, to cheat myself with some pretence of action! As for my memories, the less said about them the better. You will be my friend till you find a better use for your friendship."

"It will be for you to see that I don't then," said Isabel.

"Yes; I would make an effort to keep you," Madame Merle rejoined, looking at her gravely. "When I say I should like to be your age," she went on, "I mean with your qualities—frank, generous, sincere, like you. In that case I should have made something better of my life."

"What should you have liked to do that you have not done?"

Madame Merle took a sheet of music—she was seated at the piano, and had abruptly wheeled about on

the stool when she first spoke—and mechanically turned the leaves. At last she said—

"I am very ambitious!"

"And your ambitions have not been satisfied? They must have been great."

"They were great. I should make myself ridiculous by talking of them."

Isabel wondered what they could have been—whether Madame Merle had aspired to wear a crown. "I don't know what your idea of success may be, but you seem to me to have been successful. To me, indeed, you are an image of success."

Madame Merle tossed away the music with a smile.

"What is *your* idea of success?"

"You evidently think it must be very tame," said Isabel. "It is to see some dream of one's youth come true."

"Ah," Madame Merle exclaimed, "that I have never seen! But my dreams were so great—so preposterous. Heaven forgive me, I am dreaming now!" and she turned back to the piano and began to play with energy.

On the morrow she said to Isabel that her definition of success had been very pretty, but frightfully sad. Measured in that way, who had succeeded? The dreams of one's youth, why they were enchanting, they were divine! Who had ever seen such things come to pass?

"I myself—a few of them," Isabel ventured to answer.

"Already! They must have been dreams of yesterday."

"I began to dream very young," said Isabel, smiling.

"Ah, if you mean the aspirations of your childhood—that of having a pink sash and a doll that could close her eyes."

"No, I don't mean that."

"Or a young man with a moustache, going down on his knees to you."

"No, nor that either," Isabel declared, blushing.

Madame Merle gave a glance at her blush which caused it to deepen.

"I suspect that is what you do mean. We have all had the young man with the moustache. He is the inevitable young man; he doesn't count."

Isabel was silent for a moment, and then, with extreme and characteristic inconsequence—

"Why shouldn't he count?" she asked. "There are young men and young men."

"And yours was a paragon—is that what you mean?" cried her friend, with a laugh. "If you have had the identical young man you dreamed of, then that was success, and I congratulate you. Only, in that case, why didn't you fly with him to his castle in the Apennines?"

"He has no castle in the Apennines."

"What has he? An ugly brick house in Fortieth Street? Don't tell me that; I refuse to recognise that as an ideal."

"I don't care anything about his house," said Isabel.

"That is very crude of you. When you have lived as long as I, you will see that every human being has his shell, and that you must take the shell into account. By the shell I mean the whole envelope of circumstances. There is no such thing as an isolated man or woman; we are each of us made up of a cluster of appurtenances. What do you call one's self? Where does it begin? where does it end? It overflows into everything that belongs to us—and then it flows back again. I know that a large part of myself is in the dresses I choose to wear. I have a great respect for *things*! One's self—for other people—is one's expression of one's self; and one's house, one's clothes, the books one reads, the company one keeps—these things are all expressive."

This was very metaphysical; not more so, however, than several observations Madame Merle had already made. Isabel was fond of metaphysics, but she was unable to accom-

pany her friend into this bold analysis of the human personality.

"I don't agree with you," she said. "I think just the other way. I don't know whether I succeed in expressing myself, but I know that nothing else expresses me. Nothing that belongs to me is any measure of me; on the contrary, it's a limit, a barrier, and a perfectly arbitrary one. Certainly, the clothes which, as you say, I choose to wear, don't express me; and heaven forbid they should!"

"You dress very well," interposed Madame Merle, skilfully.

"Possibly; but I don't care to be judged by that. My clothes may express the dressmaker, but they don't express me. To begin with, it's not my own choice that I wear them; they are imposed upon me by society."

"Should you prefer to go without them?" Madame Merle inquired, in a tone which virtually terminated the discussion.

I am bound to confess, though it may cast some discredit upon the sketch I have given of the youthful loyalty which our heroine practised towards this accomplished woman, that Isabel had said nothing whatever to her about Lord Warburton, and had been equally reticent on the subject of Caspar Goodwood. Isabel had not concealed from her, however, that she had had opportunities of marrying, and had even let her know that they were of a highly advantageous kind. Lord Warburton had left Lockleigh, and was gone to Scotland, taking his sisters with him; and though he had written to Ralph more than once, to ask about Mr. Touchett's health, the girl was not liable to the embarrassment of such inquiries as, had he still been in the neighbourhood, he would probably have felt bound to make in person. He had admirable self-control, but she felt sure that if he had come to Gardencourt, he would have seen Madame Merle, and that if he had seen her he would have liked her, and betrayed to her that he was in love with her young friend.

It so happened that during Madame Merle's previous visits to Gardencourt—each of them much shorter than the present one—he had either not been at Lockleigh or had not called at Mr. Touchett's. Therefore, though she knew him by name, as the great man of that county, she had no cause to suspect him of being a suitor of Mrs. Touchett's freshly-imported niece.

"You have plenty of time," she had said to Isabel, in return for the mutilated confidences which Isabel made her, and which did not pretend to be perfect, though we have seen that at moments the girl had compunctions at having said so much. "I am glad you have done nothing yet—that you have it still to do. It is a very good thing for a girl to have refused a few good offers—so long, of course, as they are not the best she is likely to have. Excuse me if my tone seems horribly worldly; one must take that view sometimes. Only don't keep on refusing for the sake of refusing. It's a pleasant exercise of power; but accepting is after all an exercise of power as well. There is always the danger of refusing once too often. It was not the one I fell into—I didn't refuse often enough. You are an exquisite creature, and I should like to see you married to a prime minister. But speaking strictly, you know you are not what is technically called a *parti*. You are extremely good-looking, and extremely clever; in yourself you are quite exceptional. You appear to have the vaguest ideas about your earthly possessions; but from what I can make out, you are not embarrassed with an income. I wish you had a little money."

"I wish I had!" said Isabel, simply, apparently forgetting for the moment that her poverty had been a venial fault for two gallant gentlemen.

In spite of Sir Matthew Hope's benevolent recommendation, Madame Merle did not remain to the end, as the issue of poor Mr. Touchett's malady had now come frankly to be

designated. She was under pledges to other people which had at last to be redeemed, and she left Gardencourt with the understanding that she should in any event see Mrs. Touchett there again, or in town, before quitting England. Her parting with Isabel was even more like the beginning of a friendship than their meeting had been.

"I am going to six places in succession," she said, "but I shall see no one I like so well as you. They will all be old friends, however; one doesn't make new friends at my age. I have made a great exception for you. You must remember that, and you must think well of me. You must reward me by believing in me."

By way of answer, Isabel kissed her, and though some women kiss with facility, there are kisses and kisses, and this embrace was satisfactory to Madame Merle.

Isabel, after this, was much alone; she saw her aunt and cousin only at meals, and discovered that of the hours that Mrs. Touchett was invisible, only a minor portion was now devoted to nursing her husband. She spent the rest in her own apartments, to which access was not allowed even to her niece, in mysterious and inscrutable exercises. At table she was grave and silent; but her solemnity was not an attitude—Isabel could see that it was a conviction. She wondered whether her aunt repented of having taken her own way so much; but there was no visible evidence of this—no tears, no sighs, no exaggeration of a zeal which had always deemed itself sufficient. Mrs. Touchett seemed simply to feel the need of thinking things over and summing them up; she had a little moral account-book—with columns unerringly ruled, and a sharp steel clasp—which she kept with exemplary neatness.

"If I had foreseen this I would not have proposed your coming abroad now," she said to Isabel after Madame Merle had left the house. "I would have waited and sent for you next year."

Her remarks had usually a practical ring.

"So that perhaps I should never have known my uncle! It's a great happiness to me to have come now."

"That's very well. But it was not that you might know your uncle that I brought you to Europe." A perfectly veracious speech; but, as Isabel thought, not as perfectly timed.

She had leisure to think of this and other matters. She took a solitary walk every day, and spent much time in turning over the books in the library. Among the subjects that engaged her attention were the adventures of her friend, Miss Stackpole, with whom she was in regular correspondence. Isabel liked her friend's private epistolary style better than her public; that is, she thought her public letters would have been excellent if they had not been printed. Henrietta's career, however, was not so successful as might have been wished even in the interest of her private felicity; that view of the inner life of Great Britain which she was so eager to take appeared to dance before her like an *ignis fatuus*. The invitation from Lady Pensil, for mysterious reasons, had never arrived; and poor Mr. Bantling himself, with all his friendly ingenuity, had been unable to explain so grave a dereliction on the part of a missive that had obviously been sent. Mr. Bantling, however, had evidently taken Henrietta's affairs much to heart, and believed that he owed her a set-off to this illusory visit to Bedfordshire. "He says he should think I would go to the Continent," Henrietta wrote; "and as he thinks of going there himself, I suppose his advice is sincere. He wants to know why I don't take a view of French life; and it is a fact that I want very much to see the new Republic. Mr. Bantling doesn't care much about the Republic, but he thinks of going over to Paris any way. I must say he is quite as attentive as I could wish, and at any rate I shall have seen one polite

Englishman. I keep telling Mr. Bantling that he ought to have been an American; and you ought to see how it pleases him. Whenever I say so, he always breaks out with the same exclamation—'Ah, but really, come now!'" A few days later she wrote that she had decided to go to Paris at the end of the week, and that Mr. Bantling had promised to see her off—perhaps even he would go as far as Dover with her. She would wait in Paris till Isabel should arrive, Henrietta added; speaking quite as if Isabel were to start on her Continental journey alone, and making no allusion to Mrs. Touchett. Bearing in mind his interest in their late companion, our heroine communicated several passages from Miss Stackpole's letters to Ralph, who followed with an emotion akin to suspense the career of the correspondent of the *Interviewer*.

"It seems to me that she is doing very well," he said, "going over to Paris with an ex-guardsman! If she wants something to write about, she has only to describe that episode."

"It is not conventional, certainly," Isabel answered; "but if you mean that—as far as Henrietta is concerned—it is not perfectly innocent, you are very much mistaken. You will never understand Henrietta."

"Excuse me; I understand her perfectly. I didn't at all at first; but now I have got the point of view. I am afraid, however, that Bantling has not; he may have some surprises. Oh, I understand Henrietta as well as if I had made her!"

Isabel was by no means sure of this; but she abstained from expressing further doubt, for she was disposed in these days to extend a great charity to her cousin. One afternoon, less than a week after Madame Merle's departure, Isabel was seated in the library with a volume to which her attention was not fastened. She had placed herself in a deep window-bench, from which she looked out into the dull, damp park;

and as the library stood at right angles to the entrance-front of the house, she could see the doctor's dog-cart, which had been waiting for the last two hours before the door. She was struck with the doctor's remaining so long; but at last she saw him appear in the portico, stand a moment, slowly drawing on his gloves and looking at the knees of his horse, and then get into the vehicle and drive away. Isabel kept her place for half an hour; there was a great stillness in the house. It was so great that when she at last heard a soft, slow step on the deep carpet of the room, she was almost startled by the sound. She turned quickly away from the window, and saw Ralph Touchett standing there, with his hands still in his pockets, but with a face absolutely void of its usual latent smile. She got up, and her movement and glance were a question.

"It's all over," said Ralph.

"Do you mean that my uncle——?"

And Isabel stopped.

"My father died an hour ago."

"Ah, my poor Ralph!" the girl murmured, putting out her hand to him.

XX.

SOME fortnight after this incident Madame Merle drove up in a hansom cab to the house in Winchester Square. As she descended from her vehicle she observed, suspended between the dining-room windows, a large, neat wooden tablet, on whose fresh black ground were inscribed in white paint the words—"This noble freehold mansion to be sold;" with the name of the agent to whom application should be made. "They certainly lose no time," said the visitor, as, after sounding the big brass knocker, she waited to be admitted; "it's a practical country!" And within the house, as she ascended to the drawing-room, she perceived numerous signs of abdication; pictures removed from the walls and placed

in positions apparently less convenient, windows undraped and floors laid bare. Mrs. Touchett presently received her, and intimated in a few words that condolences might be taken for granted.

"I know what you are going to say—he was a very good man. But I know it better than any one, because I gave him more chance to show it. In that I think I was a good wife." Mrs. Touchett added that at the end her husband apparently recognised this fact. "He has treated me liberally," she said; "I won't say more liberally than I expected, because I didn't expect. You know that as a general thing I don't expect. But he chose, I presume, to recognise the fact that though I lived much abroad, and mingled—you may say freely—in foreign life, I never exhibited the smallest preference for any one else."

"For any one but yourself," Madame Merle mentally observed; but the reflection was perfectly inaudible.

"I never sacrificed my husband to another," Mrs. Touchett continued, with her stout curtness.

"Oh no," thought Madame Merle; "you never did anything for another!"

There was a certain cynicism in these mute comments which demands an explanation; the more so as they are not in accord either with the view—somewhat superficial perhaps—that we have hitherto enjoyed of Madame Merle's character, or with the literal facts of Mrs. Touchett's history; the more so, too, as Madame Merle had a well-founded conviction that her friend's last remark was not in the least to be construed as a side-thrust at herself. The truth is, that the moment she had crossed the threshold she received a subtle impression that Mr. Touchett's death had had consequences, and that these consequences had been profitable to a little circle of persons, among whom she was not numbered. Of course it was an event which would naturally have consequences; her imagination had more

than once rested upon this fact during her stay at Gardencourt. But it had been one thing to foresee it mentally, and it was another to behold it actually. The idea of a distribution of property—she would almost have said of spoils—just now pressed upon her senses and irritated her with a sense of exclusion. I am far from wishing to say that Madame Merle was one of the hungry ones of the world; but we have already perceived that she had desires which had never been satisfied. If she had been questioned, she would, of course, have admitted—with a most becoming smile—that she had not the faintest claim to a share in Mr. Touchett's relics. "There was never anything in the world between us," she would have said. "There was never *that*, poor man!"—with a flip of her thumb and her third finger. I hasten to add, moreover, that if her private attitude at the present moment was somewhat incongruously invidious, she was very careful not to betray herself. She had, after all, as much sympathy for Mrs. Touchett's gains as for her losses.

"He has left me this house," the newly-made widow said; "but of course I shall not live in it; I have a much better house in Florence. The will was opened only three days since, but I have already offered the house for sale. I have also a share in the bank; but I don't yet understand whether I am obliged to leave it there. If not, I shall certainly take it out. Ralph, of course, has Gardencourt; but I am not sure that he will have means to keep up the place. He is of course left very well off, but his father has given away an immense deal of money; there are bequests to a string of third cousins in Vermont. Ralph, however, is very fond of Gardencourt, and would be quite capable of living there—in summer—with a maid-of-all-work and a gardener's boy. There is one remarkable clause in my husband's will," Mrs. Touchett added. "He has left my niece a fortune."

"A fortune!" Madame Merle repeated, softly.

"Isabel steps into something like seventy thousand pounds."

Madame Merle's hands were clasped in her lap; at this she raised them, still clasped, and held them a moment against her bosom, while her eyes, a little dilated, fixed themselves on those of her friend. "Ah," she cried, "the clever creature!"

Mrs. Touchett gave her a quick look. "What do you mean by that?"

For an instant Madame Merle's colour rose, and she dropped her eyes. "It certainly is clever to achieve such results—without an effort!"

"There certainly was no effort; don't call it an achievement."

Madame Merle was rarely guilty of the awkwardness of retracting what she had said; her wisdom was shown rather in maintaining it and placing it in a favourable light. "My dear friend, Isabel would certainly not have had seventy thousand pounds left her if she had not been the most charming girl in the world. Her charm includes great cleverness."

"She never dreamed, I am sure, of my husband's doing anything for her; and I never dreamed of it either, for he never spoke to me of his intention," Mrs. Touchett said. "She had no claim upon him whatever; it was no great recommendation to him that she was my niece. Whatever she achieved she achieved unconsciously."

"Ah," rejoined Madame Merle, "those are the greatest strokes!"

Mrs. Touchett gave a shrug. "The girl is fortunate; I don't deny that. But for the present she is simply stupefied."

"Do you mean that she doesn't know what to do with the money?"

"That, I think, she has hardly considered. She doesn't know what to think about the matter at all. It has been as if a big gun were suddenly fired off behind her; she is feeling herself, to see if she be hurt. It is but three days since she received a visit from the principal executor, who

came in person, very gallantly, to notify her. He told me afterwards that when he had made his little speech, she suddenly burst into tears. The money is to remain in the bank, and she is to draw the interest."

Madame Merle shook her head, with a wise, and now quite benignant, smile. "After she has done that two or three times she will get used to it." Then after a silence—"What does your son think of it?" she abruptly asked.

"He left England just before it came out—used up by his fatigue and anxiety, and hurrying off to the south. He is on his way to the Riviera, and I have not yet heard from him. But it is not likely he will ever object to anything done by his father."

"Didn't you say his own share had been cut down?"

"Only at his wish. I know that he urged his father to do something for the people in America. He is not in the least addicted to looking after number one."

"It depends upon whom he regards as number one!" said Madame Merle. And she remained thoughtful a moment, with her eyes bent upon the floor. "Am I not to see your happy niece?" she asked at last, looking up.

"You may see her; but you will not be struck with her being happy. She has looked as solemn, these three days, as a Cimabue Madonna!" And Mrs. Touchett rang for a servant.

Isabel came in shortly after the footman had been sent to call her; and Madame Merle thought, as she appeared, that Mrs. Touchett's comparison had its force. The girl was pale and grave—an effect not mitigated by her deeper mourning; but the smile of her brightest moments came into her face as she saw Madame Merle, who went forward, laid her hand on our heroine's shoulder, and after looking at her a moment, kissed her as if she were returning the kiss that she had received from Isabel at Gardencourt. This was the only allusion that Madame Merle, in her great

good taste, made for the present to her young friend's inheritance.

Mrs. Touchett did not remain in London until she had sold her house. After selecting from among its furniture those objects which she wished to transport to her Florentine residence, she left the rest of its contents to be disposed of by the auctioneer, and took her departure for the Continent. She was, of course, accompanied on this journey by her niece, who now had plenty of leisure to contemplate the windfall on which Madame Merle had covertly congratulated her. Isabel thought of it very often and looked at it in a dozen different lights; but we shall not at present attempt to enter into her meditations or to explain why it was that some of them were of a rather pessimistic cast. The pessimism of this young lady was transient; she ultimately made up her mind that to be rich was a virtue, because it was to be able to *do*, and to do was sweet. It was the contrary of weakness. To be weak was, for a young lady, rather graceful, but, after all, as Isabel said to herself, there was a larger grace than that. Just now, it was true, there was not much to do—once she had sent off a cheque to Lily and another to poor Edith; but she was thankful for the quiet months which her mourning robes and her aunt's fresh widowhood compelled the two ladies to spend. The acquisition of power made her serious; she scrutinized her power with a kind of tender ferocity, but she was not eager to exercise it. She began to do so indeed during a stay of some weeks which she presently made with her aunt in Paris, but in ways that will probably be thought rather vulgar. They were the ways that most naturally presented themselves in a city in which the shops are the admiration of the world, especially under the guidance of Mrs. Touchett, who took a rigidly practical view of the transformation of her niece from a poor girl to a rich one. "Now that you are a young woman of fortune you must know how to play

the part—I mean to play it well,” she said to Isabel, once for all; and she added that the girl’s first duty was to have everything handsome. “You don’t know how to take care of your things, but you must learn,” she went on; this was Isabel’s second duty. Isabel submitted, but for the present her imagination was not kindled; she longed for opportunities, but these were not the opportunities she meant.

Mrs. Touchett rarely changed her plans, and having intended before her husband’s death to spend a part of the winter in Paris she saw no reason to deprive herself—still less to deprive her companion—of this advantage. Though they would live in great retirement, she might still present her niece, informally, to the little circle of her fellow-countrymen dwelling upon the skirts of the Champs Elysées. With many of these amiable colonists Mrs. Touchett was intimate; she shared their expatriation, their convictions, their pastimes, their ennui. Isabel saw them come with a good deal of assiduity to her aunt’s hotel, and judged them with a trenchancy which is doubtless to be accounted for by the temporary exaltation of her sense of human duty. She made up her mind that their manner of life was superficial, and incurred some disfavour by expressing this view on bright Sunday afternoons, when the American absentees were engaged in calling upon each other. Though her listeners were the most good-natured people in the world, two or three of them thought her cleverness, which was generally admitted, only a dangerous variation of impertinence.

“You all live here this way, but what does it all lead to?” she was pleased to ask. “It doesn’t seem to lead to anything, and I should think you would get very tired of it.”

Mrs. Touchett thought the question worthy of Henrietta Stackpole. The two ladies had found Henrietta in Paris, and Isabel constantly saw her; so that Mrs. Touchett had some reason

for saying to herself that if her niece were not clever enough to originate almost anything, she might be suspected of having borrowed that style of remark from her journalistic friend. The first occasion on which Isabel had spoken was that of a visit paid by the two ladies to Mrs. Luce, an old friend of Mrs. Touchett’s, and the only person in Paris she now went to see. Mrs. Luce had been living in Paris since the days of Louis Philippe; she used to say jocosely that she was one of the generation of 1830—a joke of which the point was not always taken. When it failed Mrs. Luce used always to explain—“Oh yes, I am one of the romantics;” her French had never become very perfect. She was always at home on Sunday afternoons, and surrounded by sympathetic compatriots, usually the same. In fact she was at home at all times, and led in her well-cushioned little corner of the brilliant city as quiet and domestic a life as she might have led in her native Baltimore. The existence of Mr. Luce, her worthy husband, was somewhat more inscrutable. Superficially indeed, there was no mystery about it; the mystery lay deeper, and resided in the wonder of his supporting existence at all. He was the most unoccupied man in Europe, for he not only had no duties but he had no pleasures. Habits certainly he had, but they were few in number, and had been worn threadbare by forty years of use. Mr. Luce was a tall, lean, grizzled, well-brushed gentleman, who wore a gold eye-glass and carried his hat a little too much on the back of his head. He went every day to the American banker’s, where there was a post-office which was almost as sociable and colloquial an institution as that of an American country town. He passed an hour (in fine weather) in a chair in the Champs Elysées, and he dined uncommonly well at his own table, seated above a waxed floor which it was Mrs. Luce’s happiness to believe had a finer polish than any other in Paris. Occasionally

he dined with a friend or two at the Café Anglais, where his talent for ordering a dinner was a source of felicity to his companions and an object of admiration even to the head-waiter of the establishment. These were his only known avocations, but they had beguiled his hours for upwards of half a century, and they doubtless justified his frequent declaration that there was no place like Paris. In no other place, on these terms, could Mr. Luce flatter himself that he was enjoying life. There was nothing like Paris, but it must be confessed that Mr. Luce thought less highly of the French capital than in earlier days. In the list of his occupations his political reveries should not be omitted, for they were doubtless the animating principle of many hours that superficially seemed vacant. Like many of his fellow colonists, Mr. Luce was a high—or rather a deep—conservative, and gave no countenance to the government recently established in France. He had no faith in its duration, and would assure you from year to year that its end was close at hand. "They want to be kept down, sir, to be kept down; nothing but the strong hand—the iron heel—will do for them," he would frequently say of the French people; and his ideal of a fine government was that of the lately-abolished Empire. "Paris is much less attractive than in the days of the Emperor; he knew how to make a city pleasant," Mr. Luce had often remarked to Mrs. Touchett, who was quite of his own way of thinking, and wished to know what one had crossed that odious Atlantic for but to get away from republics.

"Why, madam, sitting in the Champs Elysées, opposite to the Palace of Industry, I have seen the court-carriages from the Tuileries pass up and down as many as seven times a day. I remember one occasion when they went as high as nine times. What do you see now? It's no use talking, the style's all gone. Napoleon knew what the French people want,

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and there'll be a cloud over Paris till they get the Empire back again."

Among Mrs. Luce's visitors on Sunday afternoons was a young man with whom Isabel had had a good deal of conversation, and whom she found full of valuable knowledge. Mr. Edward Rosier—Ned Rosier, as he was called—was a native of New York, and had been brought up in Paris, living there under the eye of his father, who, as it happened, had been an old and intimate friend of the late Mr. Archer. Edward Rosier remembered Isabel as a little girl; it had been his father who came to the rescue of the little Archers at the inn at Neuf-châtel (he was travelling that way with the boy, and stopped at the hotel by chance), after their *bonne* had gone off with the Russian prince, and when Mr. Archer's whereabouts remained for some days a mystery. Isabel remembered perfectly the neat little male child, whose hair smelt of a delicious cosmetic, and who had a *bonne* of his own, warranted to lose sight of him under no provocation. Isabel took a walk with the pair beside the lake, and thought little Edward as pretty as an angel—a comparison by no means conventional in her mind, for she had a very definite conception of a type of features which she supposed to be angelic, and which her new friend perfectly illustrated. A small pink face, surmounted by a blue velvet bonnet and set off by a stiff embroidered collar, became the countenance of her childish dreams; and she firmly believed for some time afterwards that the heavenly hosts conversed among themselves in a queer little dialect of French-English, expressing the properest sentiments, as when Robert told her that he was "defended" by his *bonne* to go near the edge of the lake, and that one must always obey to one's *bonne*. Ned Rosier's English had improved; at least it exhibited in a less degree the French variation. His father was dead and his *bonne* was dismissed, but the young man still conformed to the

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spirit of their teaching—he never went to the edge of the lake. There was still something agreeable to the nostril about him, and something not offensive to nobler organs. He was a very gentle and gracious youth, with what are called cultivated tastes—an acquaintance with old china, with good wine, with the bindings of books, with the *Almanach de Gotha*, with the best shops, the best hotels, the hours of railway-trains. He could order a dinner almost as well as Mr. Luce, and it was probable that as his experience accumulated he would be a worthy successor to that gentleman, whose rather grim politics he also advocated in a soft and innocent voice. He had some charming rooms in Paris, decorated with old Spanish altar-lace, the envy of his female friends, who declared that his chimney-piece was better draped than many a duchess. He usually, however, spent a part of every winter at Pau, and had once passed a couple of months in the United States.

He took a great interest in Isabel, and remembered perfectly the walk at Neufchâtel, when she would persist in going so near the edge. He seemed to recognise this same tendency in the subversive inquiry that I quoted a moment ago, and set himself to answer our heroine's question with greater urbanity than it perhaps deserved. "What does it lead to, Miss Archer? Why Paris leads everywhere. You can't go anywhere unless you come here first. Every one that comes to Europe has got to pass through. You don't mean it in that sense so much? You mean what good it does you? Well, how can you penetrate futurity? How can you tell what lies ahead? If it's a pleasant road I don't care where it leads! I like the road, Miss Archer; I like the dear old asphalt. You can't get tired of it—you can't if you try. You think you would, but you wouldn't; there's always something new and fresh. Take the *Hôtel Drouot*, now; they sometimes have three and four sales a week. Where can you

get such things as you can here? In spite of all they say, I maintain they are cheaper too, if you know the right places. I know plenty of places, but I keep them to myself. I'll tell you, if you like, as a particular favour; only you must not tell any one else. Don't you go anywhere without asking me first; I want you to promise me that. As a general thing avoid the Boulevards; there is very little to be done on the Boulevards. Speaking conscientiously—*sans blague*—I don't believe any one knows Paris better than I. You and Mrs. Touchett must come and breakfast with me some day, and I'll show you my things; *je ne vous dis que ça!* There has been a great deal of talk about London of late; it's the fashion to cry up London. But there is nothing in it—you can't do anything in London. No Louis Quinze—nothing of the First Empire; nothing but their eternal Queen Anne. It's good for one's bedroom, Queen Anne—for one's washing-room; but it isn't proper for a *salon*. Do I spend my life at the auctioneer's?" Mr. Rosier pursued, in answer to another question of Isabel's. "Oh, no; I haven't the means. I wish I had. You think I'm a mere trifler; I can tell by the expression of your face—you have got a wonderfully expressive face. I hope you don't mind my saying that; I mean it as a kind of warning. You think I ought to do something, and so do I, so long as you leave it vague. But when you come to the point, you see you have to stop. I can't go home and be a shopkeeper. You think I am very well fitted? Ah, Miss Archer, you overrate me. I can buy very well, but I can't sell; you should see when I sometimes try to get rid of my things. It takes much more ability to make other people buy than to buy yourself. When I think how clever they must be, the people who make me buy! Ah, no; I couldn't be a shopkeeper. I can't be a doctor, it's a repulsive business. I can't be a clergyman, I haven't got convictions. And then I can't pro-

nounce the names right in the Bible. They are very difficult, in the Old Testament particularly. I can't be a lawyer; I don't understand—how do you call it?—the American *procédure*. Is there anything else? There is nothing for a gentleman to do in America. I should like to be a diplomatist; but American diplomacy—that is not for gentlemen either. I am sure if you had seen the last min—"

Henrietta Stackpole, who was often with her friend when Mr. Rosier, coming to pay his compliments, late in the afternoon, expressed himself after the fashion I have sketched, usually interrupted the young man at this point and read him a lecture on the duties of the American citizen. She thought him most unnatural; he was worse than Mr. Ralph Touchett. Henrietta, however, was at this time more than ever prolific of superior criticism, for her conscience had been freshly alarmed as regards Isabel. She had not congratulated this young lady on her accession of fortune, and begged to be excused from doing so.

"If Mr. Touchett had consulted me about leaving you the money," she frankly said, "I would have said to him, 'Never!'"

"I see," Isabel had answered. "You think it will prove a curse in disguise. Perhaps it will."

"Leave it to some one you care less for—that's what I should have said."

"To yourself, for instance!" Isabel suggested, jocosely. And then—"Do you really believe it will ruin me?" she asked, in quite another tone.

"I hope it won't ruin you; but it will certainly confirm your dangerous tendencies."

"Do you mean the love of luxury—of extravagance?"

"No, no," said Henrietta; "I mean your moral tendencies. I approve of luxury; I think we ought to be as elegant as possible. Look at the luxury of our western cities; I have seen nothing over here to compare with it. I hope you will never become

sensual; but I am not afraid of that. The peril for you is that you live too much in the world of your own dreams—you are not enough in contact with reality—with the toiling, striving, suffering, I may even say sinning, world that surrounds you. You are too fastidious; you have too many graceful illusions. Your newly acquired thousands will shut you up more and more to the society of a few selfish and heartless people, who will be interested in keeping up those illusions."

Isabel's eyes expanded as she gazed upon this vivid but dusky picture of her future. "What are my illusions?" she asked. "I try so hard not to have any."

"Well," said Henrietta, "you think that you can lead a romantic life, that you can live by pleasing yourself and pleasing others. You will find you are mistaken. Whatever life you lead, you must put your soul into it—to make any sort of success of it; and from the moment you do that it ceases to be romance, I assure you; it becomes reality! And you can't always please yourself; you must sometimes please other people. That, I admit, you are very ready to do; but there is another thing that is still more important—you must often displease others. You must always be ready for that—you must never shrink from it. That doesn't suit you at all—you are too fond of admiration, you like to be thought well of. You think we can escape disagreeable duties by taking romantic views—that is your great illusion, my dear. But we can't. You must be prepared on many occasions in life to please no one at all—not even yourself!"

Isabel shook her head sadly; she looked troubled and frightened. "This, for you, Henrietta," she said, "must be one of those occasions!"

It was certainly true that Miss Stackpole, during her visit to Paris, which had been professionally more remunerative than her English sojourn, had not been living in the world of dreams. Mr. Bantling, who had now

returned to England, was her companion for the first four weeks of her stay; and about Mr. Bantling there was nothing dreamy. Isabel learned from her friend that the two had led a life of great intimacy, and that this had been a peculiar advantage to Henrietta, owing to the gentleman's remarkable knowledge of Paris. He had explained everything, shown her everything, been her constant guide and interpreter. They had breakfasted together, dined together, gone to the theatre together, supped together, really in a manner quite lived together. He was a true friend, Henrietta more than once assured our heroine; and she had never supposed that she could like any Englishman so well. Isabel could not have told you why, but she found something that ministered to mirth in the alliance the correspondent of the *Interviewer* had struck with Lady Pensil's brother; and her amusement subsisted in the face of the fact that she thought it a credit to each of them. Isabel could not rid herself of a suspicion that they were playing, somehow, at cross-purposes—that the simplicity of each of them had been entrapped. But this simplicity was none the less honourable on either side; it was as graceful on Henrietta's part to believe that Mr. Bantling took an interest in the diffusion of lively journalism and in consolidating the position of lady-correspondents, as it was on the part of her companion to suppose that the cause of the *Interviewer*—a periodical of which he never formed a very definite conception—was if subtly analysed (a task to which Mr. Bantling felt himself quite equal) but the cause of Miss Stackpole's coquetry. Each of these frank allies supplied at any rate a want of which the other was somewhat eagerly conscious. Mr. Bantling, who was of a rather slow and discursive habit, relished a prompt, keen, positive woman, who charmed him with the spectacle of a brilliant eye and a kind of bandbox neatness, and who kindled a perception of

raciness in a mind to which the usual fare of life seemed unsalted. Henrietta, on the other hand, enjoyed the society of a fresh-looking, professionless gentleman, whose leisured state, though generally indefensible, was a decided advantage to Miss Stackpole, and who was furnished with an easy, traditional, though by no means exhaustive, answer to almost any social or practical question that could come up. She often found Mr. Bantling's answers very convenient, and in the press of catching the American mail would make use of them in her correspondence. It was to be feared that she was indeed drifting toward those mysterious shallows as to which Isabel, wishing for a good-humoured retort, had warned her. There might be danger in store for Isabel; but it was scarcely to be hoped that Miss Stackpole, on her side, would find permanent safety in the adoption of second-hand views. Isabel continued to warn her, good-humouredly; Lady Pensil's obliging brother was sometimes, on our heroine's lips, an object of irreverent and facetious allusion. Nothing, however, could exceed Henrietta's amiability on this point; she used to abound in the sense of Isabel's irony and to enumerate with elation the hours she had spent with the good Mr. Bantling. Then, a few moments later, she would forget that they had been talking jocosely, and would mention with impulsive earnestness some expedition she had made in the company of the gallant ex-guardsman. She would say—"Oh, I know all about Versailles; I went there with Mr. Bantling. I was bound to see it thoroughly—I warned him when we went out there that I was thorough; so we spent three days at the hotel and wandered all over the place. It was lovely weather—a kind of Indian summer, only not so good. We just lived in that park. Oh yes; you can't tell me anything about Versailles." Henrietta appeared to have made arrangements to meet Mr. Bantling in the spring, in Italy.

Mrs. Touchett, before arriving in Paris, had fixed a day for her departure; and by the middle of February she had begun to travel southward. She did not go directly to Florence, but interrupted her journey to pay a visit to her son, who at San Remo, on the Italian shore of the Mediterranean, had been spending a dull, bright winter, under a white umbrella. Isabel went with her aunt, as a matter of course, though Mrs. Touchett, with her usual homely logic, had laid before her a pair of alternatives.

"Now, of course, you are completely your own mistress," she said. "Excuse me; I don't mean that you were not so before. But you are on a different footing — property erects a kind of barrier. You can do a great many things if you are rich, which would be severely criticised if you were poor. You can go and come, you can travel alone, you can have your own establishment—I mean of course if you will take a companion—some decayed gentlewoman with dyed hair, who paints on velvet. You don't think you would like that? Of course you can do as you please; I only want you to understand that you are at liberty. You might take Miss Stackpole as your *dame de compagnie*; she would keep people off very well. I think, however, that it is a great deal better you should remain with me, in spite of there being no obligation. It's better for several reasons, quite apart from your liking it. I shouldn't think you would like it, but I recommend you to make the sacrifice. Of course, whatever novelty there may have been at first in my society has quite passed away, and you see me as I am—a dull, obstinate, narrow-minded old woman."

"I don't think you are at all dull," Isabel had replied to this.

"But you do think I am obstinate and narrow-minded? I told you so!" said Mrs. Touchett, with much elation at being justified.

Isabel remained for the present with her aunt, because, in spite of eccentric

impulses, she had a great regard for what was usually deemed decent, and a young gentlewoman without visible relations, had always struck her as a flower without foliage. It was true that Mrs. Touchett's conversation had never again appeared so brilliant as that first afternoon in Albany, when she sat in her damp waterproof and sketched the opportunities that Europe would offer to a young person of taste. This, however, was in a great measure the girl's own fault; she had got a glimpse of her aunt's experience, and her imagination constantly anticipated the judgments and emotions of a woman who had very little of the same faculty. Apart from this, Mrs. Touchett had a great merit; she was as honest as a pair of compasses. There was a comfort in her stiffness and firmness; you knew exactly where to find her, and were never liable to chance encounters with her. On her own ground she was always to be found; but she was never over-inquisitive as regards the territory of her neighbour. Isabel came at last to have a kind of undemonstrable pity for her; there seemed something so dreary in the condition of a person whose nature had, as it were, so little surface—offered so limited a face to the accretions of human contact. Nothing tender, nothing sympathetic, had ever had a chance to fasten upon it—no wind-sown blossom, no familiar moss. Her passive extent, in other words, was about that of a knife-edge. Isabel had reason to believe, however, that as she advanced in life she grew more disposed to confer those sentimental favours which she was still unable to accept—to sacrifice consistency to considerations of that inferior order for which the excuse must be found in the particular case. It was not to the credit of her absolute rectitude that she should have gone the longest way round to Florence, in order to spend a few weeks with her invalid son; for in former years it had been one of her most definite convictions that when Ralph wished to see her he was at

liberty to remember that the Palazzo Crescentini contained a spacious apartment which was known as the room of the signorino.

"I want to ask you something," Isabel said to this young man, the day after her arrival at San Remo—"something that I have thought more than once of asking you by letter, but that I have hesitated on the whole to write about. Face to face, nevertheless, my question seems easy enough. Did you know that your father intended to leave me so much money?"

Ralph stretched his legs a little further than usual, and gazed a little more fixedly at the Mediterranean. "What does it matter, my dear Isabel, whether I knew? My father was very obstinate."

"So," said the girl, "you did know."

"Yes; he told me. We even talked it over a little."

"What did he do it for?" asked Isabel, abruptly.

"Why, as a kind of souvenir."

"He liked me too much," said Isabel.

"That's a way we all have."

"If I believed that I should be very unhappy. Fortunately I don't believe it. I want to be treated with justice; I want nothing but that."

"Very good. But you must remember that justice to a lovely being is after all a florid sort of sentiment."

"I am not a lovely being. How can you say that at the very moment when I am asking such odious questions? I must seem to you delicate!"

"You seem to me troubled," said Ralph.

"I am troubled."

"About what?"

For a moment she answered nothing; then she broke out—

"Do you think it good for me suddenly to be made so rich? Henrietta doesn't."

"Oh, hang Henrietta!" said Ralph, coarsely. "If you ask me, I am delighted at it."

"Is that why your father did it—for your amusement?"

"I differ with Miss Stackpole," Ralph said, more gravely. "I think it's very good for you to have means."

Isabel looked at him a moment with serious eyes. "I wonder whether you know what is good for me—or whether you care."

"If I know, depend upon it I care. Shall I tell you what it is? Not to torment yourself."

"Not to torment you, I suppose you mean."

"You can't do that; I am proof. Take things more easily. Don't ask yourself so much whether this or that is good for you. Don't question your conscience so much—it will get out of tune, like a strummed piano. Keep it for great occasions. Don't try so much to form your character—it's like trying to pull open a rosebud. Live as you like best, and your character will form itself. Most things are good for you; the exceptions are very rare, and a comfortable income is not one of them." Ralph paused, smiling; Isabel had listened quickly. "You have too much conscience," Ralph added. "It's out of all reason, the number of things you think wrong. Spread your wings; rise above the ground. It's never wrong to do that."

She had listened eagerly, as I say; and it was her nature to understand quickly.

"I wonder if you appreciate what you say. If you do, you take a great responsibility."

"You frighten me a little, but I think I am right," said Ralph, continuing to smile.

"All the same, what you say is very true," Isabel went on. "You could say nothing more true. I am absorbed in myself—I look at life too much as a doctor's prescription. Why, indeed, should we perpetually be thinking whether things are good for us, as if we were patients lying in a hospital? Why should I be so afraid of not doing right? As if it mattered to the world whether I do right or wrong!"

"You are a capital person to advise," said Ralph; "you take the wind out of my sails!"

She looked at him as if she had not heard him—though she was following out the train of reflection which he himself had kindled. "I try to care more about the world than about myself—but I always come back to myself. It's because I am afraid." She stopped; her voice had trembled a little. "Yes, I am afraid; I can't tell you. A large fortune means freedom, and I am afraid of that. It's such a fine thing, and one should make such a good use of it. If one shouldn't, one would be ashamed. And one must always be thinking—it's a constant effort. I am not sure that it's not a greater happiness to be powerless."

"For weak people I have no doubt it's a greater happiness. For weak people the effort not to be contemptible must be great."

"And how do you know I am not weak?" Isabel asked.

"Ah," Ralph answered, with a blush which the girl noticed, "if you are, I am awfully sold!"

The charm of the Mediterranean coast only deepened for our heroine on acquaintance; for it was the threshold of Italy—the gate of admirations. Italy, as yet imperfectly seen and felt, stretched before her as a land of promise, a land in which a love of the beautiful might be comforted by endless knowledge. Whenever she strolled upon the shore with her cousin—and she was the companion of his daily walk—she looked a while across the sea, with longing eyes, to where she knew that Genoa lay. She was glad to pause, however, on the edge of this larger knowledge; the stillness of these soft weeks seemed good to her. They were a peaceful interlude in a career which she had little warrant as yet for regarding as agitated, but which nevertheless she was constantly picturing to herself by the light of her hopes, her fears, her fancies, her ambitions, her predilections, and which reflected these sub-

jective accidents in a manner sufficiently dramatic. Madame Merle had predicted to Mrs. Touchett that after Isabel had put her hand into her pocket half-a-dozen times she would be reconciled to the idea that it had been filled by a munificent uncle; and the event justified, as it had so often justified before, Madame Merle's perspicacity. Ralph Touchett had praised his cousin for being morally inflammable; that is, for being quick to take a hint that was meant as good advice. His advice had perhaps helped the matter; at any rate before she left San Remo she had grown used to feeling rich. The consciousness found a place in rather a dense little group of ideas that she had about her herself, and often it was by no means the least agreeable. It was a perpetual implication of good intentions. She lost herself in a maze of visions; the fine things a rich, independent, generous girl, who took a large, human view of her opportunities and obligations, might do, were really innumerable. Her fortune therefore became to her mind a part of her better self; it gave her importance, gave her even, to her own imagination, a certain ideal beauty. What it did for her in the imagination of others is another affair, and on this point we must also touch in time. The visions I have just spoken of were intermingled with other reveries. Isabel liked better to think of the future than of the past; but at times, as she listened to the murmur of the Mediterranean waves, her glance took a backward flight. It rested upon two figures which, in spite of increasing distance, were still sufficiently salient; they were recognisable without difficulty as those of Caspar Goodwood and Lord Warburton. It was strange how quickly these gentlemen had fallen into the background of our young lady's life. It was in her disposition at all times to lose faith in the reality of absent things; she could summon back her faith, in case of need, with an effort, but the effort was often painful, even when the

reality had been pleasant. The past was apt to look dead, and its revival to wear the supernatural aspect of a resurrection. Isabel moreover was not prone to take for granted that she herself lived in the mind of others—she had not the fatuity to believe that she left indelible traces. She was capable of being wounded by the discovery that she had been forgotten; and yet, of all liberties, the one she herself found sweetest was the liberty to forget. She had not given her last shilling, sentimentally speaking, either to Caspar Goodwood or to Lord Warburton, and yet she did not regard them as appreciably in her debt. She had, of course, reminded herself that she was to hear from Mr. Goodwood again; but this was not to be for another year and a half, and in that time a great many things might happen. Isabel did not say to herself that her American suitor might find some other girl more comfortable to woo; because, though it was certain that many other girls would prove so, she had not the smallest belief that this merit would attract him. But she reflected that she herself might change her humour—might weary of those things that were not Caspar (and there were so many things that were not Caspar!), and might find satisfaction in the very qualities which struck her to-day as his limitations. It was conceivable that his limitations should some day prove a sort of blessing in disguise—a clear and quiet

harbour, inclosed by a fine granite breakwater. But that day could only come in its order, and she could not wait for it with folded hands. That Lord Warburton should continue to cherish her image seemed to her more than modesty should not only expect, but even desire. She had so definitely undertaken to forget him, as a lover, that a corresponding effort on his own part would be eminently proper. This was not, as it may seem, merely a theory tinged with sarcasm. Isabel really believed that his lordship would, in the usual phrase, get over his feeling. It had evidently been strong—this she believed, and she was still capable of deriving pleasure from the belief; but it was absurd that a man so completely absolved from fidelity should stiffen himself in an attitude it would be more graceful to discontinue. Englishmen liked to be comfortable, said Isabel, and there could be little comfort for Lord Warburton, in the long run, in thinking of a self-sufficient American girl who had been but a casual acquaintance. Isabel flattered herself that should she hear, from one day to another, that he had married some young lady of his own country who had done more to deserve him, she should receive the news without an impulse of jealousy. It would have proved that he believed she was firm—which was what she wished to seem to him; and this was grateful to her pride.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

(To be continued.)

ETIENNE DOLET.

"THE name of Etienne Dolet," Mr. Christie observes in the preface of his remarkable book¹ on the subject of the Lyonnese printer, "is all but unknown in this country." As far as the general reader goes he is undoubtedly right. Even if the general reader be sifted down until only the particular reader, who knows something of French literature in the sixteenth century, be left, the amount of knowledge of Dolet to be found in this remnant would probably not be very imposing. That he was a scholar and printer of the early part of the sixteenth century; that he was the friend of many of the men of letters of whom Rabelais was the great representative in prose, and Marot the great representative in verse; that he not only wrote books, but printed them, and that he was finally executed on a charge which had something or other to do with religion, may be said to sum up the general knowledge, even of the elect, in this matter. About this shadowy personage Mr. Christie has managed to write a book of nearly six hundred well-filled pages in such wise that every page almost is full of instruction and amusement to the student of literature, and that however well informed that student may have been when he sat down, he is quite certain to be better informed still when he rises up. The book is indeed (if we may be allowed to except some few defects of style and an insufficient attention on the author's part to the correction of the press) a model monograph. The patient care with which every fact bearing on the subject has been investigated, with which references, and, if the phrase may pass, even the references of references have been hunted up and verified, which to all appearance

takes nothing at second-hand that could by any possibility be got at first-hand, has rarely found fuller exemplification. In these days, when authors of repute calmly undertake to introduce their readers to other authors whom they have not read, or cannot even read in the original, honest work of this kind cannot be too much or too often praised.

There is another point in which Mr. Christie's management of his theme is particularly good. He had to deal, not only, as he says, with an almost unknown hero, but with a hero, large numbers of whose associates and correspondents were even more unknown to the general reader than himself. Now it is a very well-known part of the art of the bookmaking biographer to fill out his book by bringing in notices of all sorts of well-known events, circumstances, places, and persons with which his hero may or may not have had anything to do. Mr. Christie's method is exactly the reverse of this. With well-known names which he has to mention, even when they are the most tempting, such as the names of Marot and Rabelais, even with such less well-known, and therefore even more tempting names as those of Bonaventure des Periers and Hugues Salel, he makes short work, while he gives complete accounts of the unknowns with whom his own particular unknown had to do. Thus the reader, unless he be a person so little skilled in letters that he can hardly be supposed likely to take any interest in such a book as this, has no unnecessary information vouchsafed, and is left with no absolutely unknown quantities to puzzle him. But these two good gifts, accuracy and fulness, though sufficient of themselves to stamp Mr. Christie's book as worthy the notice of the scholar, might not be sufficient to give a claim to the attention of the class—

¹ *Etienne Dolet, the Martyr of the Renaissance.* By Richard Copley Christie, M.A. London: Macmillan and Co., 1880.

now rather a numerous one—which lies between that of scholars proper and of mere general readers, who read for pastime's sake. For this middle class a certain interest, not to say importance, of subject is required; and we think Dolet unquestionably has that interest and importance, and that no one who reads Mr. Christie's book attentively, will feel disposed to question the fact. He is here put before us on the title-page (though by no means exclusively in the book) as the Martyr of the Renaissance, and a good many people just now are interested in the Renaissance. He was personally a typical example of a very curious and characteristic class. He was moreover, as it seems to me more especially, a worker in a movement the literary importance of which it is nearly impossible to over-estimate. Any one of these three claims would be a sufficient title to remembrance: all three united unquestionably make the claim indisputable and indefeasible.

Etienne Dolet was born at Orleans on the 3rd of August, 1509, and was hanged and burnt on the Place Maubert, at Paris, on the same day of the same month in the year 1546. Nothing is known of his birth and parentage, which he himself declares to have been respectable, while his enemies, as usual at the time, declare it to have been the reverse. An absurd fable about his being a natural son of Francis the First, would not be worth noticing, were it not rather characteristic of the time. The births of the Humanists and the deaths of the *Philosophes* have been almost equally favourite subjects for fiction. When he was twelve years old he went to Paris, when he was seventeen, to Padua. At the former place he imbibed, and at the latter confirmed himself, in the faith of the Ciceronians. Everybody must laugh nowadays at this Ciceronianism, which is perhaps the most absurd creed that ever has enrolled a considerable number of learned, and in some respects not foolish, men as its disciples. But perhaps any one who has at, or about, the age of sixteen made his first acquaintance with ancient philosophy in the pages of the

Tusculans, will not feel inclined to laugh otherwise than kindly. In a year or two comes Plato, and in a year or two more Descartes and Spinoza and Berkeley, and then Cicero begins to look very small indeed. But while he holds his monopoly, no one who cares at all for philosophical ideas and literary style combined can resist a certain impression. Mr. Christie has very well pointed out how it was that this impression lasted with no few of Dolet's contemporaries, and with Dolet himself. It was in some ways a fortunate influence, because it opened to him the favour of the learned: it was unfortunate because it made him fall foul of Erasmus, the greatest of all his contemporaries save Rabelais, because it taught him to Ciceronianise in epistles of mock quarrelsomeness and mock exaggeration, and because it induced him beyond doubt to repeat the mild and rather commonplace scepticism of his idol in a manner which ultimately gave his wrathful enemies a fatal hold on him. Of his stay at Padua, however, Mr. Christie gives a pleasant picture, as well as of his especial master, Simon Villanovanus, whom La Monnoye and Mr. Christie between them sufficiently identify with the person celebrated by Rabelais, as one who never dreamed. The death of Villanovanus cut Dolet adrift, and he became secretary to a French ambassador at Venice, Jean de Langeac, Bishop of Limoges. Langeac, however, seems to have had more good will than power to further his fortunes, and after a year's attachment to the embassy, Dolet went to Toulouse to take up the study of law. Unluckily for him, Toulouse was about the worst place in France—though it hardly would have admitted itself to be in France—for a young man of his temper and antecedents. He had thoroughly imbibed the semi-Paganism of the Italian Renaissance, and Toulouse was the most orthodox of French cities. About the time of Dolet's residence, two men of great note, Jean de Caturce and Jean de Boyssone, the latter a friend and corre-

spondent of Dolet for years afterwards, were accused of heresy. Caturce was burnt, and Boyssone condemned to make a humiliating recantation. Now Dolet had not the least inclination towards the Lutheranism of which both these persons were accused, but he regarded their cause as the cause of light against darkness, and took it up in the intemperate fashion of a youthful partisan. Availing himself of a difference between the "nations" of French and Gascon students, he delivered two orations in *Itholosam*, which the mildest of communities might well have resented. His enemies, of whom the chief were the Gascon-student leader, Pinache, and Gratien du Pont, Sieur de Drusac—an odd person known to students of French literature as having summed up the favourite mediæval and fifteenth century calumnies against the female sex in a book called *Controverse du Sexe Masculin et du Sexe Féminin*—stirred up the Parliament against him, and he had to fly to Lyons. Even before this he had to undergo a short imprisonment, from which the influence of some friends, notably the Bishop of Rieux, freed him. His final departure, under dread of a second arrest, took place in 1534, when he was not quite five-and-twenty. His goal was Italy, but he halted at Lyons in order to get his orations, his Latin poems, and some Latin correspondence printed, and the place pleased him well enough for him to make it his residence for the rest of his life. Lyons was indeed as well suited to him as Toulouse had been ill-suited. It was the great centre of learning in the south of France; its printing presses, both for classical and vernacular works, were famous, and besides a considerable resident body of men and women of letters, others constantly visited it for longer or shorter periods. It is therefore not surprising that Dolet should settle there, especially as his return to Toulouse was shortly barred by a formal sentence of banishment. He seems to have been very soon engaged as a reader by the printer, Sebastian Gryphius; and it was at this press that Dolet's first volume

was printed. Unluckily the circumstances of its publication have about them a good deal of the bad faith which was characteristic of the time, and which afterwards reached its climax in Dolet's own piratical publication of Rabelais' works in a manner calculated to do the latter serious damage. Although he had made no secret of his purpose in visiting Lyons, and although Gryphius was his intimate friend, the book purported to be printed without the knowledge of the author. This might be set down as a harmless *supercherie*. Not so the printing of some letters which were certain, or very likely, to compromise the writers, some of whom, at least, had expressly requested that Dolet would destroy them as soon as read. However, though the book was certain to exasperate his enemies, and might well have offended his friends, it gave him some reputation as a Latinist, and made him more than ever free of the literary society of Lyons, now including no less a person than Rabelais himself, who, like Dolet, worked for Gryphius, while practising medicine and surgery. Dolet's next published work added its tale to the number of his foes. It was a dialogue, *De Imitatione Ciceroniana*, directed against Erasmus and his *Ciceronianus*, which had practically extinguished the Ciceronians, though, like a later character of eminence, they went on persisting that they were not dead. The *Ciceronianus* had been published for some years, and Scaliger had answered it. Dolet's subsequent answer was of course taken as an insult and an insinuation of incompleteness of his own work by that irritable person; while though Erasmus was indifferent enough to the onslaught, many of his admirers were justly and deeply offended at the scurrility with which an almost unknown youngster attacked the first man of letters then living. However, the book, Mr. Christie thinks, from its wider and more general interest, did more to advance Dolet's reputation than his first volume.

Dolet's third work was one of far greater importance than either of those

which preceded it. He had, even when he was at Padua, projected certain *Commentaries on the Latin Tongue*, a kind of methodical dictionary. He had collected most of the materials, and he now at last had time and opportunity to get them into shape. He regarded the proceeding as of sufficient importance to justify or require a special royal license, and this he obtained by a journey to Paris, and a personal application in the autumn of 1535. Dolet, however, was born to trouble. Before the second volume of the *Commentaries* appeared, he had again exposed himself to the grip of the law for no small cause. He had killed a painter named Compaing in the streets of Lyons (he says in self-defence), and he had to fly from the town in mid winter, being nearly ice-bound on the Allier on his way. He reached Paris, and by the exertions of his friends (exertions for which he showed very small thankfulness) he obtained a royal pardon; and it was at this time that his associates, Marot and Rabelais among them, gave him a banquet to celebrate his deliverance. There was, however, some difficulty about the registration of the pardon at Lyons, and for a long time this difficulty kept the Compaing matter hanging over his head. Still he was able to resume his literary occupations, and in 1538 brought out the second volume of his *Commentaries*, which, like all his other publications, wrought him woe. An ungrateful and vain-glorious assertion of his having got himself out of his difficulties unassisted alienated his friends, and his foes set up the charge of plagiarism, a charge which Mr. Christie has laboriously investigated, and has, on the whole, refuted. In other ways, however, 1538 was an important one to Dolet. In the spring, it seems, he married, and in the spring also he was presented to the king, offered him a copy of the *Commentaries*, and received the necessary privilege to enable him to set up independently as a printer. Thenceforward, or as soon as he could establish a press, he began to issue

works on his own account. The next year a son was born to him, and he wrote for the child's future guidance a Latin poem, entitled *Genethliacum*, which was shortly after translated into French, by himself, according to Mr. Christie's opinion. He also soon embarked on a course of translating into the vulgar tongue, and of composing treatises on the proper manner of writing it. Three tracts on translating the classics into French, on punctuation, and on accents, had a considerable vogue; and his translation of Cicero's letters, which followed, became extremely popular. Besides these works, he began some historical studies, and attempted other things too many to mention. He had but four years of uninterrupted work, and he did a good deal in them, printing, among other things, two authorised editions of Marot, and an edition, unluckily unauthorised, of Rabelais. We must refer readers to Mr. Christie for the story of this piracy, which would be altogether to be regretted if it had not preserved a rather better text than is elsewhere to be found.

Of the remainder of his life, and of its pitiful end, no detailed account can here be given. Exposed at once to the professional jealousy of the Lyons printers, to the undying animosity of the enemies he had stirred up at Toulouse, to the inherited and interested enmity of the heirs of Compaing, and, worst of all, to the vigilant tyranny of the extreme partisans of orthodoxy to whom his imprudence and carelessness had given handles, Dolet in this period of danger for all partisans of the German heresy had everything to fear and little to hope. Most of his earlier literary allies he had disgusted in one way or another. Still he was not without friends. The influence of these at one time, an adroit use of the facilities provided by the construction of Lyonnese houses at another, saved him from the clutches of the law. He fled to Piedmont, and there was for a time safe. But two long imprisonments fell to his lot, and from the second he only escaped by the

last door open to any man—the door of death. Accused of blasphemy, sedition, and minor offences more than one, he was condemned to be hanged and burned on the Place Maubert, the preliminary and mitigating process being conditional on the pronouncement of a formal act of faith to the Virgin and to St. Stephen, whose name he bore; and on the festival of whose “invention” in August, not the greater festival of the saint’s martyrdom in December, he suffered. Obeying the command to declare his faith, he was first hanged, and then his body, with the books which had brought him at least partially into these straits, was consumed in the pyre which would have received him alive had he been more obstinate or more devoted to any definite form of anti-Catholic belief. The day of his death was, as has been said, the day of his birth, the 3rd of August, and an epitaph in French, not without nobility of expression, records his fate.

C’est ainsi que finit Étur de Guadassé. Mr. Christie presents Dolet to us as his latest biographer before Mr. Christie had presented him, as the Martyr of the Renaissance. The question how far he deserved this title is no doubt a very interesting one, and it assumes a much more interesting complexion presented as it is soberly, and, on the whole, dispassionately, by Mr. Christie, than in M. Boulmier’s somewhat inflated pages. With a sufficiently generous construing of the term martyr, there can hardly be a doubt of Dolet’s title to it. Mr. Christie with his usual fairness has given us the judgment of a distinguished French lawyer who has devoted a great deal of study to the particular matter. M. Baudrier, the authority in question, has been a special student, not merely of Dolet, but of all his kin, the printer-students of the Lyonnese *coterie*, and he possesses, of course, a certain expert point of view in reference to legal matters, to which the mere literary critic has few opportunities of access. M. Baudrier thinks that Dolet simply drank as he had brewed. He set himself against the

law with the characteristic petulant masterfulness of the men of the Renaissance, to whom all forbidden things and doctrines presented themselves in an appetising light. Every true-born son of the Renaissance was an Ishmaelite, unless, like Erasmus and Rabelais, he had sufficient wit and sufficient consciousness of the certainty of his cause in the long run, to be able to construe the verb *συστέλλειν* in time of need. But Dolet, as M. Baudrier has it, was a wrong-headed and bad-hearted man, and he played into the hands of his adversaries. Most of those adversaries were of his own making. The disturbance at Toulouse began the mischief. His attacks on Erasmus continued it. His repeated breaches of the press laws, and his discreditable brawl with Compaign, made it worse. His want of common prudence in the phraseology of his *Axiochus* finished it. No doubt the laws were harsh, but the first duty of governments is to execute the law, and Dolet certainly could not urge *primum tempus* for the misdeed that finally handed him over to the claws of the *chats fourrés*. We cannot, for our own part, go quite so far as this. The laws of that time were certainly harsh, but they were curiously placable when the culprit was not obnoxious to ecclesiastical as well as to purely legal wrath. It is scarcely doubtful, or rather it is not doubtful at all, that Dolet might have broken the heads of many Compaigns and the clauses of many press laws, if he had not become a suspected person in matters theological. What ground there was for that suspicion is a different question. No one who has examined the facts can resist Mr. Christie’s conclusion that nothing was further from Dolet’s wish than to break openly with the Church. He was the very ideal of a Gallio in such matters, except that as he was scarcely in Gallio’s position, he was inclined rather to a formal compliance than to open flouting. But as there could be no possible reason why he should not have made the same recantation which saved his friend Boyssone

at Toulouse, and which would have saved Caturce; so there can be no explanation of his fate except that it was hastened by his personal obnoxiousness. Of this last there can be no doubt. All the men of the Renaissance, except a few of the leaders, took the fretful porcupine for their emblem, and Dolet more than almost any of them. Perhaps there never was a literary person who was so perpetually in hot water. He quarrelled with nearly every friend (not protected from his petulance by high station) that he ever made, and he gave fair occasions of quarrel to the few who were too amiable or too magnanimous to avail themselves of the chance.

A man of this sort can hardly be called a martyr unless a very wide meaning be attached to the term. But when Dolet's unfortunate quarrelsomeness (arising in part no doubt from a corrupt following of his ideals and models) has been put out of the question, few charges remain that can really be substantiated against him. He was certainly not an atheist—whatever may be thought to be the proper punishment for the fault or misfortune of atheism—and if his judges had only had the wit, they might have encountered him on this point with citations from his favourite Plato in a sufficiently victorious manner. There is no evidence that he contemplated or favoured any attempts against the existing political order in France. He was an ardent student, a man of regular life and conversation—at least the stock charges to the contrary to which every man of the time was subjected, are absolutely without corroboration—a diligent member of a very useful profession. In so far as some of these things may have contributed to the severity with which his judges regarded him, he certainly deserves the title of martyr, and in so far as some, if not most of these things, were characteristics of the Renaissance, he certainly deserves the title of Martyr of the Renaissance, though he deserves it much less than Bonaventure des Periers in his own day, or Bruno long

afterwards. Of the minor charges against him Mr. Christie has succeeded in disproving some, and has frankly enough admitted others. That he was a plagiarist in any bad sense is untrue, though perhaps he was not so careful in hunting up references as his biographer. His piracy of Rabelais—a piracy committed under peculiarly atrocious circumstances, inasmuch as the spurious edition retained many compromising words and passages at the very time when the author was busied in carrying out the before-mentioned manœuvre of shortening sail in order to save himself from unpleasant consequences—is unforgivable, though only very extreme devotees of copyright will contend that hanging and burning were suitable punishments for it. His attacks on Erasmus probably proceeded from an incapacity to appreciate humour, and Erasmus himself treated them in the very best way they could be treated, by ignoring them altogether. On the other hand, the *Genethliacum* and the *Second Enfer* (a poem referring to his imprisonment) show us a man who needed nothing but happier circumstances and a less contentious *milieu* to have been a quiet man of letters of the most useful if not the most brilliant type, a man devoted to the appreciation of good things as far as he was able to appreciate them, one capable of all the domestic affections, possessed of a real though sometimes an over-sensitive feeling for justice and truth, and only desirous of communicating to his fellow men such knowledge of both as his position enabled him to impart. For this person because, as a real cause, he had a violent temper and a sharp tongue, and because as an occasional cause he had offended against certain formal prohibitions of the law, France had at the time nothing but the gallows and the stake. *Sunt lachrymae rerum* in such a case, and the tears are not lessened by the remembrance that the man was at any rate honest and fearless to a fault; that except in his trade piracies (and even here there is the excuse that he may have thought the

books valuable to the cause of learning and freedom of thought) there is no evidence to show that he was not wholly disinterested; that he spent the whole of his short life either in prison or in hard literary work; and that his rewards were of the very smallest. His business in short was in the study and the composing room; on the Place Maubert he had no business whatever.

His works fall naturally into the division of Latin and French. Rare as they are, we are rather sorry that Mr. Christie did not find space in his book for a few more extracts, which might have enabled those who have no access to the originals to form an opinion of his literary powers. On the whole, those powers have been somewhat under-rated. In his first volume, the *Orationes*, with their supplementary epistles and verses, little but sterile imitation of classical models shows itself. The *Orations* are centos of Ciceronian abuse, the *Epistles* centos of the same, or else of Ciceronian flattery and commonplace. The dialogue *De Imitatione Ciceroniana* is open to very much the same censure, though its setting is not without interest. In the epigrams which Dolet subsequently published, little true salt can be discerned. The following certainly shows the dictionary-maker, though perhaps impartial critics may think that in the words applied by the devoted M. Boulmier to his enemies, "ça ressemble à des épigrammes comme des massues ressemblent à des flèches":—

"Quis Floridus? Comedo, helluo, luro, venter.

Ganeo, gerro, invidia, maledictum, iners, bardus,

Terrae pondus inutile, dolus, scelus, pestis."

But the *Commentaries* are of very different value. Arranged not in alphabetical array, but in a kind of rational order made easy of reference by indices, they contain a really remarkable corpus of explanatory quotations with interspersed comments which are almost always luminous and not seldom acute. Moreover, the *Genethliacum*, of all Dolet's works the one written under

happiest circumstances, contains much excellent verse and sentiments which Mr. Christie assuredly does not too flatteringly describe when he calls them "the purest and most elevated sentiments of religion and morality." Here only perhaps, and in a very few of his miscellaneous Latin poems, can a faculty for composition of a kind different from that which distinguishes a clever and diligent schoolboy be honestly recognised. With his French works it is otherwise. We are rather inclined to side with M. Boulmier than with Mr. Christie in valuing the formal excellence of the *Gestes de François de Valois*, Dolet's one original contribution of importance to French prose. We should imagine that Mr. Christie is not quite so much at home with the French authors of the time immediately preceding as with the Latin, and that he has thus been led to attribute to Dolet faults which are common to most of his contemporaries, and which only cease to be observable when the sixteenth century had produced, for the most part long after Dolet's death, its crop of consummate prose writers. The poems of the *Second Enfer*, written during or after the first of the long imprisonments which preceded his death, are of a much higher kind. They have a certain stiffness observable in much contemporary poetry, and resulting in great part from the use of the decasyllable with a rigid caesura at the second foot. Sometimes, too, their import is prosaic or lamely expressed. But the final epistle to his friends with which this *Second Enfer*—Marot it should be said had set the example of thus entitling a poem describing an imprisonment—concludes, and which Mr. Christie quotes, shows all the strength and little of the weakness of the day. The lines beginning—

"Bon cœur! bon cœur! c'est à ce coup"—

resume the indomitable self-reliance of the time as well as any others with which we are acquainted, and there is in them much of the sombre music of

which the century had the secret. This is heard also in some beautiful stanzas written still later, and also quoted by Mr. Christie, which anticipate in tone as well as metre the noble choruses with which Garnier and Montchrestien adorned their dramas afterwards.

There is however more to be said than this about Dolet, and fortunately it does not trench upon any contentious matter. The good or the harm which the Renaissance did in overturning mediævalism, in ushering in modern ways of thought, in provoking religious and political changes, must always be differently estimated, rather in consequence of the deep-seated and ineradicable prejudices which affect every man's view of such subjects, than in consequence of any difficulty in ascertaining the facts. But there is at least one effect of the Renaissance which some of us perhaps may think of not less importance than these more debateable effects, and which is itself not debateable at all. The Renaissance, taking it in its widest sense, was unquestionably a schoolmaster to bring the languages of Europe to full literary perfection. Its devotion to the classics seemed at first sight likely to lead to the neglect of the modern tongues; in reality it only led to their improvement. Had the knowledge of Greek been the chief subject of this devotion, the effect might have been more doubtful; for here with all the perfection of form which the vernacular tongues lacked was a wealth of beauties of every kind to few of which they could pretend, and still fewer of which they could hope to surpass. But luckily the main strength of the new learning devoted itself to Latin, the characteristics of which were exactly what was needed to supply the defects of the vernacular, while the matter of the literature and all its characteristics, not purely formal, could not come into competition for a moment with that which already existed at least in French and in Italian. With no prose fiction, and little prose of the lighter kind at all,

with a scanty drama, much of it not too strong, with poetry limited in style and more limited in subject, Latin might for a time fascinate, but could not long detain men who had in their own tongues the infinite wealth of the mediæval romances, the rich and varied if rough and uncouth vigour of the mediæval drama, the endless variety and exquisite sentiment of mediæval poetry. They turned therefore—at least such of them as took their lesson aright—after a time from Latin, carrying with them however the lessons which they had learnt from it.

In only two European countries was the process fully and fairly carried out. Italy had taken her lessons too soon: in this respect Petrarch and Dante and Boccaccio, not the Humanists of the fifteenth century, represent the Italian Renaissance. Spain never took it at all, owing to external circumstances, and Germany took it too late; so that at the present day German language and German literature, despite the great names which adorn it here and there, show signs of having been "robbed of their education." But France and England felt the influence fully; and in France in particular its stages were thoroughly exemplified. The merely Humanist period—taking that word in its lower sense of devotion to classical rhetoric—lasted but a very short time. The school of the very numerous and very bad prose-writers and poets who, from a chance phrase of Coquillart's, have been nicknamed in history the *Grands Rhétoriciens*, despite its classical tinge, was, in point of literary performance, a vernacular school, and it flourished till the first quarter of the sixteenth century was passed. Before the third quarter began the *Pléiade* was in full splendour, and the tradition of scholarly French was founded never afterwards to become obsolete. The great men of letters who formed this latter movement took their bath of classicism gladly, and were deeply imbued by it; but they emerged from it to plunge at once into the living waters of their own native tongue—dyeing them

a little, it is true, in the process. After 1550, to go no earlier, it is difficult to think of a single man of letters of French birth, and possessed of tolerable ability, who did not adopt, either wholly or as the most frequent alternative, the vernacular as his literary instrument. Now, Dolet was a notable, and, what is more, an early illustration of this remarkable and most healthy tendency. He was brought up in societies where Latin was the only language thought worthy to rank as literature; he gained his own reputation by Latin writings, and he was evidently devoted to the swelling phrases, the abundant superlatives, the constant and facile *clichés* of diction which characterise Ciceronian prose, and which make so poor a show when translated into even the most artificial of our downright modern tongues. Nevertheless, he was no sooner completely his own master, able to write what he liked, with the certainty of getting it printed, than he took to writing French, and to studying French with the definite object of refining it, strengthening it, and enlarging its range of operation. More than two years had passed after Dolet's ashes, and those of his books, mingled in the Place Maubert, before the famous *Défense et Illustration de la Langue Française* sounded the birth-note of modern French, and Dolet had thus the start of the *Pléiade* by a very considerable interval. He was not indeed in purely literary talent the equal even of the least distinguished of The Seven. His long apprenticeship to the mosaic in prose and verse, which Humanists of his type mistook for literature, could not but exercise a cramping effect upon him; but, as we have pointed out, his actual poetical faculty was greater than it has generally been allowed to be, though it had, it must be admitted, but few opportunities of showing itself. But had he lived, his real value would have been that of a pedagogue, not of a producer. He was probably a sounder Latin scholar than any member of the *Pléiade* itself, though, in respect of Greek,

he was inferior in range to most of them, especially to Daurat. He would probably have been able to exercise a satisfactory influence on some of the vagaries of the school, such as the famous double-compound mania; and he would also certainly have anticipated—indeed even as it was it may be said that he did anticipate—Henri Estienne and Vauquelin de la Fresnaye in treating the subject of French style and grammar scientifically, and with a due regard at once to the spirit of the language and of the improvements of which it was susceptible by recurrence to the examples of the mother tongue and of Greek. Considering his date, and the shortness of his life, this rapid passing through of the stages which all the greatest men of letters in his country, and with them that country's literature itself, was shortly to traverse, must be allowed, we think, to be a sign of considerable intellectual distinction. Fortunately there can be no two opinions whether the side which Dolet thus took was the right side. He might have adopted, and what is more, he might have been expected to adopt, the attitude of his old friend and employer, Sebastian Gryphius, who, as Mr. Christie puts it, looked down, "if not with contempt, at least as from a lofty eminence, and with a consciousness of superiority, upon the Justes, the Nourrys, and the Arnollets, who printed in the vernacular the light and popular literature of the day." He did not; and if any one relying on the too famous instance of his piracy of Rabelais thinks that his condescension was simply a matter of trade prudence, the reproach is sufficiently rebutted by Dolet's own laborious work in the same language. He thus deserves an honourable place in the story of sixteenth century French literature. It was to men like Dolet, who, whether they were his inferiors in pure literary merit, like Vauquelin de la Fresnaye, or his equals, like Henri Estienne (whose literary gifts, as contradistinguished from his mere scholarship, Mr. Christie seems to me a little to

exaggerate), or his superiors immeasurably, like Du Bellay, and Ronsard himself, strove to unite the vigour and variety of mediæval French with the precision and shapely elegance of the classics, that France owes the admirable contributions she has since made to European literature. As to this fact we do not think there can be much controversy among those who have thoroughly examined the subject, and as to the value of it there can be none, either among experts or laymen. Somebody has called French literature the literary playground of Europe. Its attractions are owing to peculiarities of national character in the first place, certainly; but in the second, to the work of those who fashioned the necessary implements so early and so well. To claim distinction for a man because he was on this side or that in political or religious struggles is always perilous, because the preference for privilege or equality, for naturalism or supernaturalism, rests undoubtedly (though men are singularly slow to recognise the

fact), in the last resort, on idiosyncracies of taste and disposition, which do not admit of argument. But to claim credit for him because he helped to make an enormous amount of otherwise unattainable pleasure possible to mankind, and to enable many great men to manifest their greatness better than they could otherwise have done, this is scarcely a preposterous claim, or one which has to be supported by laborious argument. Now Dolet did this, and, considering his circumstances, he did it in some very considerable measure. He is a kind of shareholder in Montaigne and in Corneille, in Molière and in La Rochefoucauld, in Voltaire and in Rousseau, in Hugo and in Balzac. He helped to fit them out and to furnish them with capital. Doubtless his part in them is not a very large part, but it exists, and it entitles him to the shrine in the history of literature in which Mr. Christie has at last solidly established him.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

ATHLETICS AND EDUCATION.

ABOUT a year ago a well-known cricketer and schoolmaster exposed several of the evils attending the excessive pursuit of athletics at our public schools. His article contained many valuable cautions and suggestions. But it is surely impossible to get to the root of these evils, and to point out their remedy, without entering upon a much wider question, viz. what is the proper place of athletics in life, and especially in education.

Boys and men who do not live by hard manual labour require a large amount of exercise in pure air in order to keep them in the highest possible state of health and vigour. This exercise ought to be of a kind both to ensure the perfect development of every muscle and organ of the body, and also to call into active play the mental faculties, and to exhilarate the animal spirits. Generally speaking, under the conditions of civilisation as it exists in modern Europe, most men and many boys get nothing of the kind. The tendency of the population to congregate in large towns, the multiplication of artificial means of transit, the increased strain and competition of modern life, the calamitous change, by which business hours have begun and ended later, till crowds of sallow clerks are now released from offices *after* the expiry of daylight for many months in the year, are all causes antagonistic to this prime necessity of a nation which is to be long vigorous. It is true that, owing to improved drainage and purer water, to better food and ventilation, and to increased knowledge of medicine, the average length of human life has risen. But not only would it rise still more, but other blessings, as important as mere length of life, would result from the wide diffusion of those active

personal habits which impart quicker circulation to the blood, bloom to the cheek, buoyancy to the step, and elasticity to the mind.

Fortunately for England there is a traditional feeling in favour of athletic exercises. Its youth has still that sure sign of vitality, that it instinctively delights in the active use of limb and muscle in the open air. This instinctive feeling, if duly trained and guided, is an essential element of national greatness, and the athletic movement is the outcome of this feeling. But it has not been duly trained and guided. On the one hand it has been repressed, though fortunately not crushed. Juvenile merit has, by an overdone system of examinations, been made, so far as substantial recognition of it is concerned, synonymous with excellence in paper work. School hours have often been unduly lengthened, and many tutors' establishments have been conducted under circumstances which make proper exercise impossible. On the other hand, athletics have been regarded too much as an amusement, too little as a means of training mind and body for the battle of life; the proficiency of the few has been considered more than the advantage of the mass of the boy community, and the fashion and extravagance of the day have extended their pestilential patronage to our athletes in various objectionable forms.

Whose fault are these opposite, but, I think, closely connected evils?

They seem to me to be due to its not being generally recognised, by either parents or schoolmasters, that physical education is a thing which ought to be as scientifically studied, and as carefully managed, as intellectual education. If some of our most highly gifted youths are growing up

with narrow chests, sallow cheeks, and general lack of vital energy, and if, among others, competition in games, like competition in everything else, is running to fever heat, it is surely the duty of all concerned, not to apply empirical or casual palliatives, but to investigate the subject from its first principles.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his admirable essay on *Physical Education*, has shown how absurd it is to make a science of the physical perfection of horses, and to let the physical training of boys and girls manage itself; and he has exhorted parents and schoolmasters to collect observations on the subject, and to draw careful conclusions from them. Mr. Maclaren in his book on *Training and Gymnastics* has given us a number of valuable facts and reasonings; but how many people who have the charge of boys (I shall say nothing here about girls) have pursued the subject with any kind of steady aim, or done more than occasionally regret cases of breakdown from "overwork," or of "games being carried too far!"

There are few, I think, who will not, in the abstract, admit the postulate that all the arrangements of school life ought to be in accordance with known physiological laws, and, further, that boys ought to be constantly taught these laws, and the duty of being guided by them, and should be made to understand their connection with the arrangements of their daily life, and with their own future well-being and happiness. By this I mean that the diet, the hours of meals, the temperature and ventilation of rooms, the intervals between meals and work on the one hand, and hard exercise on the other, the length of hours in school, both for the whole day and for each school time, the maximum and minimum amount of daily exercise, both in the gymnasium and in the open air, the dress worn, especially during exercise, the times of exercise and of "lock-up" both in summer and winter, and the nature

of the games encouraged—should be matters not of tradition or custom, but of careful and loyal subordination to health requirements; and that the resulting regulations should not be forced down boys' throats as arbitrary rules, but taught to them as deductions from the most important of all sciences—the science of health.

Now I have a strong suspicion that where the evils of athletics are very prominent, these things are *not* being done. The physical training received by a large number of boys at school is no doubt not as good as it should be, but still very good. But this is due, and is felt by the boys to be due, to the system of games enforced both by the public opinion and by the *boy* authorities of the school. In fact boys feel that they are getting more good from what masters call their "play," than from what they call their "work"—words often used in most unfortunate antithesis! And again, their physical training and well-being are often treated as quite a secondary matter, both by lesson hours, roll calls, and meal times, being arranged so as unnecessarily to break up games, and by the cruel and ignorant practice of depriving boys of necessary exercise by impositions and detentions.

And, especially since games have become more organised and competitive, health is in a rough kind of way, and simply as a means of success in games, considered in the rules laid down by boy captains of eights, fifteens, and (if they knew their business) of elevens also; whereas it ought to be avowedly and primarily considered by the masters.

I do not believe with Mr. Lyttelton that the *nature* of the school work done by boys has much to do with anything false in the position of outdoor sports. Boys may say that they like chemistry or French, when their idea of the former is a succession of explosions, and of the latter playing tricks on a foreigner; but they dislike genuine hard work at one language as much as at another, and at a science as much as at a language.

But I agree with him in thinking that all sorts of pursuits—playing on various instruments, choral singing, drawing, collecting objects of natural history, carpentry, gardening, etc.—should be encouraged, so long as they do not interfere with a sound intellectual and physical culture. Resources are valuable for all life, and especially for the leisured life when worldly success has been won. And the greater variety of the pursuits in which a school excels, the less danger is there of an over-estimate of purely athletic excellence.

Prevalent errors, however, upon which Mr. Lyttelton did not touch with regard to the spirit and surroundings of school work, seem to me to be productive of much evil. School work is often excessive in amount. What that amount ought to be at different ages is doubtless a question very difficult to answer, because it has neither been made the subject of inductive inquiry, which is almost impossible, nor of careful discussion at head-masters' meetings. It was, however, conclusively shown in one of Mr. Edwin Chadwick's reports, that at elementary schools the results obtained from half-timers bore a favourable comparison with those obtained from full-timers; and there are many considerations pointing in the same direction, viz., that more work in proportion is gained from those who work short hours than from those who work long hours. Certainly at the period of rapid growth, that is, roughly speaking, from fourteen to seventeen, long hours of brain work are unnatural and injurious. I think that any physiologist would agree with me in saying, that to assign more than seven hours to any school day, of any kind of compulsory, sedentary work, is an error on the side of excess, and will bring its own punishment with it. Now, if the vital energy is being taken up in an undue degree by brain processes, the brain is either unduly stimulated, and suffers in later life, or, more commonly, brain work is associated with pain,

and becomes, perhaps, permanently odious. Nature resents all attempts to violate her laws. It is precisely the same in athletics. Cricket and football are disliked by most boys if they are overdone.

Again, school work is often ill-timed. I cannot believe that, for most boys, work before breakfast, except in summer to a limited extent, is a good thing. The practice of schools on this point seems to vary greatly. It is impossible either that all can be right, or that the point is immaterial. That work so timed, is, for most boys, of permanent intellectual good, is at least doubtful; that it does physiological harm to many seems pretty certain; but that it is eminently odious is, I think, unquestionable.

But the most ill-timed of all school work appears to me to be that done in the afternoon after an early dinner. It is a very good thing to have an hour, at the outside, of the afternoon, occupied with drawing, singing, English reading and recitation, science lectures, lessons on musical instruments, etc., which cannot be better timed, and which serve purposes of preventing active games from beginning too soon after a hearty meal. But if it is true, and I hear that it is true, that at some schools, on some days of the week, three out of the four hours immediately succeeding dinner are taken up with lessons, which involve serious brain-work, it is little wonder that work is unpopular. That arrangements should exist at any school which must have the effect of forcing the blood to the brain, when it ought to be doing its work in the process of digestion, is of itself enough to prove that the elementary laws of physiology, in their application to daily life, are not yet realised by schoolmasters or by the public. Public opinion is sufficiently alive to the dangers of infection, or bad drains, or badly regulated diet, and yet in this after dinner work we have a cause, slowly, but surely and permanently, weakening both the digestion and the brain power of every

boy who tries to do his duty in school, and yet on this subject no note of warning is heard. But let us consider the effect of such an arrangement of hours, in the cricket season, from the point of view from which this paper is written. On half holidays boys escape from the drowsiness of hot school-rooms, from the struggle, against which nature rebels, between the work of digestion and sufficient work of the brain to escape punishment, from the unnecessary burden of dark cloth clothes, which seems to be considered necessary for all boys, as well as for all men, who are engaged in labours of the brain—into the glorious liberty of flannels, the free breath of heaven, and the instinctive joyousness caused by the harmonious action of all the vital functions. Can it then be wondered at that they should associate pain with their work, pleasure with their exercise? It may be said that this blunder of attempting to carry on brain work during digestion is not a new one, while the inordinate development of athletics is new. Perhaps so, but my contention is, that the athletic movement is an instinctive protest by the youth of a high-spirited nation against physiological blunders, and that, when, owing to the increased facilities of intercourse and the tendencies of the day towards competition and publicity, great personal prominence in athletics has become possible, they are sometimes made an antagonistic power to book work, by arrangements which make the latter odious, painful, and unnatural. The fact is sometimes lost sight of that boys always did hate, and will hate, excessive or ill-timed brain work. All that can now be said is, not that they hate such book work less, but that they love and exalt games more.

It may then be asked, When is the school work to be done? I answer that, to assign to work three and a half hours between breakfast and dinner, two and a half in the evening, and an hour or less of lighter school occupation in the afternoon, is by no means

an impossible arrangement. Deduct five hours weekly for half holidays (whole holidays are a sheer waste of time), and we have thirty-seven hours left, exclusive of divinity lessons on Sundays. This I contend is quite enough for young boys, or for growing boys. A sixth form may do more. In fact, unless sixth-form boys have to be restrained from doing too much, especially when near examination, there is probably something wrong in the extent, times, or manner in which work has been enforced upon them in their previous school life.

Another point worth remarking on is this, that a hard and fast line about bedtime, often drives willing boys to do work at a time when it should be absolutely forbidden, viz., in the hours after dinner. There is no reason in the world why well-grown boys between seventeen and nineteen should not work as late as 11 P.M., and occasionally perhaps as many as eight hours daily.

Circumstances ought, however, to modify school hours at different times of the year.

In summer boys do not need as much sleep as in winter, and school may well begin earlier, possibly even before breakfast, for a time not exceeding an hour. Again, during exceptionally hot weather, part of the evening work may well be thrown into the later afternoon, and part thrown later than usual, so that the main play may take place, not during the heat of the day, but in the delicious hours before sunset.

If on these and many other points of detail the hours and conditions of school work were so arranged as to be in harmony with the wants and feelings of growing boys, I am sure, from experience, that the dislike to book work, the depreciation of those who excel in it, and the undue exaltation of athletic prowess, would be greatly diminished. I am aware that many objections may be brought to such plans as I have sketched. One is, that arrangements which may be

physiologically best for boys, may not suit the convenience of masters. To this I have but one answer. There is no profession which enjoys such a long annual rest from all professional work as the scholastic. Thirteen or fourteen weeks of complete holiday, divided into three nearly equidistant periods, are a boon for which the clergyman, the lawyer, the doctor, or the merchant may sigh in vain. But during the intervening periods of thirteen weeks each, I hold that the schoolmaster is bound to make his convenience, his dinner hour, his social engagements, and his relaxation, absolutely subservient to the welfare of the schoolboy. He certainly ought not to be overworked. That he should be so is not for the interest of the schoolboy. The schoolmaster is often unduly jaded and worried, and the freshness and elasticity which are the essentials of success, both in throwing spirit into school work, and in exercising a wholesome influence over character, are often sadly impaired by overdone examinations, and by educational machinery in the shape of reports and tabular forms of various kinds. To do his work well a master should, during school term, have abundant relaxation. But this relaxation should be timed—as by persons of simple and unselfish habits it always can be timed—so as to render him available for school work at those hours which are best for the boys.

Of course all sorts of difficulties, great and small, can be raised against the application of my postulate to the arrangement of school hours; but they both can and will be surmounted whenever obedience to known physiological laws becomes recognised as a practical, nay, I would say, a *religious*, duty of paramount importance. It is evident that I am touching on a subject which has an infinitely wider range than school life, and the principles of which are at present in that transition stage, through which all the great elements of human progress have in turn to pass, viz., of

being theoretically admitted with a vague assent, but ignored when it comes to the point of carrying them out in detail. But the question is in the air, and though the most sanguine reformer cannot hope for the speedy eradication of the many physical sins of omission and commission sanctioned by the arrangements of nineteenth-century life, yet *schools* have certainly peculiar facilities for initiating many wholesome reforms. One effect of such reforms is the disappearance of that large portion of dislike to brain work which proceeds from its being excessive or ill timed. And this result will the more certainly follow, if boys are shown the *rationale* of all the arrangements about their work in life, and are convinced that their welfare is not sacrificed, either to the traditional errors of antiquated routine, the requirements of overdone examinations, or the personal tastes or convenience of their masters.

So far I have tried to show how distaste for school work, and a feeling of opposition between it and physical work, may be lessened. I shall now try to show how games may be so arranged and guided as to fulfil all the purposes of a sound physical education, and not to run riot in the extravagances of a preposterous athleticism.

Athletic games have two great advantages :

First, they supply that active *exercise*, which is quite as important a factor of vigorous health as either drainage, pure water, or pure air.

Secondly, they supply *recreation*, in a form which is neither unwholesome nor demoralising, and which need not, like many other forms of recreation, be associated with any surroundings which are so. It is evident that many recreations do not supply the first necessity, and that formal exercise, whether in the shape of gymnastics, or of a mile-measured walk, does not supply the second. But, it will be said, is not this necessity amply, and more than amply, provided for

at English schools? I answer that at many of the schools most distinguished in athletics, a large number of boys do not get nearly exercise enough, and that on some days few boys get enough. It is undoubtedly true that a great many boys do habitually occupy too much time in cricket, &c., and are thereby both physically tired and mentally indisposed for school work. And this has caused the other side of the question to be lost sight of, viz., that those boys who need exercise the most, often get the least, and that on many days, at many schools, no satisfactory exercise is got at all, except perhaps by a few ardent spirits who will not be balked of it by any circumstances or by any weather.

Leaving the last point for the present, there are two classes of boys who need exercise the most, and who get it the least.

The first class are those who come to a public school on the fair way to grow up very feeble men. At home they have been indulged, coddled, muffled, and greatcoated, allowed to eat almost what they like and when they like, and to lounge indoors in an overheated atmosphere, without ever having been taught that there is any connection between health and duty on the one hand, or between health and exercise and diet on the other. At many preparatory schools, though there are noble exceptions, such boys do not fare much better. Lavish pocket-money goes in lavish "grub," the contents of hamper from home and from shops take the place of plain food at breakfast and tea; the delicate boys, who should be as rare as black swans, are forbidden "violent exercise," are sent out in fine weather for a leisurely walk duly wrapped up; while all are kept indoors if it rains or looks like rain. True, athletics are sedulously cultivated, professionals are engaged, the turf is like a lawn, the "style" of the school is good, members of the eleven are little heroes, and certainly play uncommonly well for their age.

The heroes swagger, but the residuum, whose names are not written in the score-book, neither learn scientific cricket, nor get a proper amount of honest boyish play.

When they go to their public school things are certainly better. They must sometimes play football or fag out at cricket, and go on runs or paper chases, and some of them develop unsuspected aptitudes, and find that by virtue of a good pitch and a break back, or a cut behind point, they too may aspire to ride in the high places of the earth. But a large number, at many schools, play when they must, and loaf when they can. They read books by the fire in winter. They visit the "tuck" shop, and consume tarts or ices. In summer at intervals they lie on the grass, and watch with eager eyes the victories or defeats of their house or their school. And so the mass of this class are getting no physical training worth the name. They do not hear of it as a duty; but they become worshippers at a distance of an athletic prowess which they can never hope to emulate, and the really good element in which they are not trained to see. Their hero-worship proceeds partly from an unconscious, but wholesome, veneration for qualities which are *not* formally recognised by the authorities of the school, and partly from athleticism appearing to them as the strongest force arrayed in opposition to the restraints, often, as I have shown, made needlessly irksome, of school rules and school work.

The second class are the intellectual prodigies. A father of a growing boy, when expressing his desire that his son should not be overworked, said to me, "I have a house in my vinery in which I force young grapes; when the grapes are gathered, I pull up the plants—they are no more good." Such a forcing-house is many a preparatory school. Clever young boys by judicious forcing bear fruit early. They win public-school scholarships, and are the delight of parents and masters.

They reach the fifth form young, and are then, perhaps, allowed exemption from football; they read in the afternoons. The breakdown comes at various ages. Perhaps they win college scholarships; perhaps they even last longer and stand high in Tripos or class lists. But how many break down even at school? How many at college? How many are hopelessly unfit either for hard, practical work in life, or for exercising any strong influence over the minds of others? And the mischief does not end with themselves. For not only are endowments, intended for the wholesome education of "poor scholars," being limited practically to those who can afford an expensive training, and, for them, perverted into an unhealthy stimulus, but the victims of the system, feeble in physique, nerveless in character, and incompetent as prefects, represent in the eyes of boys in general the outcome of that hard work which they are perpetually told ought to be the main object of their school life. May I not add that the surviving specimens too often blossom into the schoolmaster or the don who snub the exuberance of those high spirits with which they cannot sympathise, and who talk mournfully about the athletic "mania," without making the slightest effort to harmonise intellectual and physical work!

This hot-house culture is all the more to be regretted, because ultimate scholastic success is *not* incompatible with sounder training. The school-boy who is a distinguished member of the sixth, and who wins the great annual match, not only by his "innings," but by the vigour and the intelligence which he diffuses through the eleven which he captains; the first class man who bowls for the Gentlemen, or rows for the 'Varsity; the schoolmaster who—in spite of a system which does not recognise physical as the sister of intellectual education—heartily encourages games; the college don who makes the reading man row and the rowing man read,

are not unknown. But my contention is, that neither of the two classes I have named—the self-indulgent loungers, or the pale, narrow-chested, prematurely-forced scholar—should exist as a class at all, and, that with them would also tend to disappear the swaggering barbarian who represents the evil side of athleticism.

The remedy is simple. At every school in the country the elements of practical physiology should be intelligently taught, and *applied to daily life*.

Boys would then learn something,

First, about the air they breathe. They would be taught how it oxygenates the blood, how impurities in it vitiate the blood, and obstruct and injure the vital functions. The air would be analysed in their presence, and they would be shown how much purer the outside air is than that of even a well-aired room, and how filthy and unwholesome the air becomes in a schoolroom or a dormitory which has been occupied for several hours without proper ventilation. They would then be taught the duty of obeying rules founded upon this knowledge. They would, for instance, be obliged to pass some hours daily in the open air, more of course in fine weather than in wet, but some time even in the wettest weather; they would learn to expose all their night and bed-clothes to a free current of air before leaving their dormitories; they would learn to accustom themselves to sleep with their windows slightly open at the top, even in cold weather,¹ and wide open in warm weather; they would be forbidden to congregate in small studies; they would learn why their masters

¹ A piece of wood a couple of inches in breadth, tightly fitted into the bottom of the window frame, so that when the window is shut the sashes may overlap in the middle, and an *upward* current of fresh air into the room be formed, prevents the necessity for absolutely open windows in cold weather. By means of a concave groove along the bottom of the sash, and a corresponding protuberance along the piece of wood, any draught from a misfit, or from the wood swelling, can be prevented.

insisted on the schoolrooms being cleared of boys, and the air in them thoroughly renewed at least once in every hour and a half. The loungers and the bookish boy would thus gradually learn by experience the value of fresh air, and would acquire a life-long distaste for unwholesome atmospheres, and a life-long craving for exercise in the open air.

Secondly, they would learn something about their food and how it is digested. They would learn why hard work was not imposed in afternoons, and why hard games were forbidden directly after dinner; why the stomach requires rest, and why the system requires variety of food. The school dietary would, of course, satisfy in due proportion the natural craving of growing boys for sugar in various forms; nor, perhaps, is there any sound objection to boys spending part of their pocket-money on wholesome additions to the school fare at breakfast and tea. But "grubbing" between meals would be put, by the school rules, in the same category as smoking; and, I can answer for it, that the restriction is one which is approved of by the public opinion of properly taught and properly fed boys.

Invaluable habits would thus be formed, and many incidental evils of athletics would be eradicated. The sudden change of diet, now too common, both in going into and going out of "training," would be found to be as unnecessary as it is injurious. In fact, bodily training, like mental, ought rather to be a normal and constant, than an exceptional condition. Violent and sudden changes of ordinary habits, either for examinations or for feats of physical prowess, are in themselves injurious. And just as mental culture, and not examinations, ought to be held up as the chief end of intellectual education, so a condition of body, not only free from disease, but full of vigour and high spirits, ought to be the goal of a rational physical training. Athleticism from this point of view ought to

be a valuable ally in promoting habits of temperance and sobriety. And each school in which such habits are sensibly taught, and the resulting blessings realised, will have its reward, not only in success in games, and in buoyant health, but by having its share in leavening, with greater simplicity of life, a too luxurious society.

They would learn something, thirdly, about the clothes they wear. This is the least important of my four heads, and I am reluctant to say much about it, because dress is the greatest stronghold of custom—that arch enemy of true progress—and one from which it can most effectively bring to bear its powerful artillery of ridicule. The assertions that clothing in which either exercise is taken or work is done ought to be loose and of open texture, and not, from any ideas of discipline or appearance, excessive in amount; that boots and shoes ought to be of the shape of the feet, and not of the shape into which fashion endeavours to distort them, to the injury of feet, legs, and spine; that the throat, chest, and ribs ought to be allowed the most absolutely free play, unencumbered by close-fitting collars or waistcoats—may possibly appear absurd to others beside incorrigible martinets. I would like, in revenge, to be present in the spirit when a nineteenth century fashionable boot, male or female, is exhibited to an audience of the twenty-first century. The convention of one generation is the laughing-stock of the next, and the conventions of all generations, so far as they are not in harmony with the true well-being of man, are doomed ultimately to repose in the same limbo as all the other idols of prejudice and superstition. The conventions of dress appear to some a small matter, but I am persuaded that the harm they do is not small; that school is an admirable vantage-ground from which to attack them; and that when violation of them is a matter, not of license or eccentricity, but of principle, no harm

is done to discipline, and certainly good is done to school work, even by such departures from conventionalism as introducing the sensible dress of the cricket-field into the schoolroom in summer weather, and abjuring everything which is formal or restraining in the working dress at all times. It is hard to see why school-work should be handicapped as it is by the rules of most schools with respect to dress.

They would learn something, lastly, about the exercise they take. The functions of exercise in removing effete matter from the system, in promoting vigorous and healthy growth, in giving comparative immunity from various diseases, should be taught to boys not so much as a lesson to be learned, as a lesson to be practised; they should learn that a man ought to have the equivalent of something like ten miles walking exercise per diem in some form or other, and that a great deal of this ought to be of a kind to give work to the upper limbs; and that, although some persons can, in spite of a sedentary life, maintain fair health to an extreme old age, yet that the vitality of each generation leading such a life is diminished; they should be taught to contemplate the necessity, for a population more and more gathered into great towns, of abundant facilities for exercise—a necessity which must some day be recognised, even if the recognition implies a revolution in many of the institutions of society. The time has, I fear, not come for demanding that the hours of business shall be so arranged, and that our cities shall be so crowded with gymnasia, swimming baths, fives courts, that every clerk shall have some hard exercise available besides his measured walk; but if boys are to be practically taught the truths of physiology, and the duty of carrying them out into life, it is time that schools should recognise all the arrangements affecting exercise, as a part of their *business*, and not merely of their *amusement*.

Every boy ought to have regular instruction in gymnastics, drill, and sparring. I am in a position to prove, by registers kept for many years, that by a proper system of gymnastics and outdoor exercise combined, the chest girth at seventeen or eighteen ought to be far greater than it usually is. And it need hardly be said that a generally raised average of chest girth throughout the country would imply increased vigour of constitution and decreased liability to many diseases. It may be added that military measurements would be better than they are, were it not for the unscientific nature of soldiers' clothing, and many unfavourable circumstances in their lives.

But, besides such systematic training, abundant exercise in the fresh air is required to purify the blood and to excite a pleasurable and healthy flow of animal spirits. No artificial impediment should be placed in the way of a sufficiency of such an important factor in a boy's present and future well-being. To deprive him of it by way of punishment is as monstrous as to deprive him of sufficient food or sleep; and no objections which have been brought against corporal punishment, appear to take into account the evils of detentions and impositions during any considerable part of the hours of outdoor play. Neither should boys be allowed to deprive themselves of such exercise. Every one admits that school is the place, and boyhood the time, for the formation of all good habits, and that regular daily exercise, and not merely occasional bursts of it, is a very valuable habit, and one very difficult to acquire in later life. Why should we not, then, insist that every boy shall acquire the habit, just as we oblige him to acquire habits of punctuality and order? It is no doubt true that at all public schools most boys must take a certain amount of exercise on some days, though upper boys of sedentary tastes are sometimes exempted from this; but I fear that at most schools boys may spend many

afternoons, if they please, by the fire-side or in aimless lounging. And, as I have shown before, the boys who are so disposed—viz., the physically indolent and the bookish boys—are those who are in the most urgent need of regular exercise. Every school ought to regard it as part of its duty and mission to rid itself almost entirely of delicate complexions, narrow chests, and feeble limbs; and I am sure that this can be done if, in addition to work in the gymnasium, every boy able for it is compelled to be out of doors taking active exercise for an average time of two or three hours daily. Very wet days of course form an exception, but even on these the languor and restlessness observable in boys who have been all day within doors will be removed by a five or six mile run. The habit of facing all weathers possible in this climate, should be formed in every boy and clung to by every man. Such habits will become part of the tradition of every school where the masters set a good example in their own persons, and where the prefects regard the enforcement of wholesome habits as one of the main duties of their office.

But the centre and mainspring of physical education in our public schools must continue to be those great games—the organised growth of centuries—which not only supply to most the prime necessities of exercise and recreation, but promote many desirable qualities of character. And if they are put on their right footing, if their flourishing existence is treated as the outcome of principles which pervade the entire school life, if they are not snubbed and ignored as tolerated outsiders, but cordially recognised as co-ordinate in the school system with the studies of the school-room, it will be easy to repress their wayward excrescences, and to put an end to the disastrous contest between "work" and "games."

Let us briefly try to assign their true place to the two great games. Football, more than any other game,

develops qualities which are in the highest degree useful in life—courage, coolness, unselfishness, and presence of mind. There is more headwork in it than is often supposed. And I am sure that if masters held it up as just as much a boy's duty to keep on the ball, to play an unselfish game, and not to show the white feather, as to do his best in the school-room, the same boy would very generally come to the front in both field and school. An eminent young surgeon observed to me, and his observation accords with my experience, that the football players of his day are succeeding in life better than the school prizemen. If the latter had all been treated as beings with lungs and hearts and limbs, and not simply with brains, the assertion would have been absurd. Of the two forms of football, the Rugby game seems to me preferable, because it brings every muscle into use, and not those of the legs alone. Indeed, I know of no game, so well fitted at once to cultivate courage, and to fortify the constitution against disease. The danger of serious accidents,¹ to boys at least, is not great; and even if, like any hardy sport, it gives some work to the surgeon, it certainly takes away much more from the physician. And again, football is free from many of the evils of other forms of athletics. There are neither luxurious lunches, nor expensive surroundings, nor absurd crowds applauding gallery hits, nor inordinate demands upon time.

Every boy ought to play football who is fit for it, and though some, who have been delicately brought up, do not like it at first, almost every boy with an atom of spirit in him likes it in the end. But some boys are not fit for it. Those who have any chronic or recent sprain, any spinal weakness, or any heart irregularity, should not play. Such boys ought to be the special care of any housemaster who

¹ The game has often been brought into disrepute by reckless players in country clubs disregarding the cry of "Man down."

knows his business. If something is not found for them to do, they get, at best, into loafing habits, and not only grow up feeble men, but are a perpetual source of danger to a school from their liability to take infectious disorders. I do not imply anything approaching to the playground supervision of the usher system, which is enough to destroy all independence of character, and which would be subversive of the public school system. But that boy is a rare and strange creature who will not act upon advice, given for no conceivable motive; but his good, by a man who lives among boys and for boys, and who recognises physical training as an essential part of his profession.

It is unnecessary to dilate on the acknowledged excellence of cricket as a game, a training, and a fine art. But there are some serious abuses connected with it. Too much time is often given to practice. I believe that twenty minutes' batting practice, and that not every day, is enough to form the best batsmen. And too much time for some means too little time for others. Except during great matches, every boy should be *playing*, unless he is engaged in some other outdoor pursuit, and perhaps no boy should be allowed to give up cricket at all, until he is up to a pretty fair standard in fielding.

Again, good things as matches during school term are, especially between schools, holiday matches in London and other towns should be put an end to. On these occasions not only has the vicious boy his swing, but the swaggering boy shows off by aping vice. The expense is a serious tax on parents, who don't like to make their boy singular, and the cricket is certainly injured by a week in town. Lastly, let schools play one another with enthusiasm, but let there be an end to all the extravagance and display which accompany some matches. Sport of any kind is in its decadence when its surroundings lose their natural simplicity.

These dangers, however, affect only

the few. A greater danger appears to me to lie, especially for schools which have no available boating, in what I may call the interregnum between the two great games. If boys, usually accustomed to having their playhours fully occupied, are suddenly left without a definite pursuit, the evil, not only to their physical training, but to the tone of a school, is great. The very excellence of football and cricket involves the drawback of taking away the relish from inferior games. Fives, rackets, and lawn-tennis are, it is true, admirable and popular games; but it would require a very rich school to provide these for the whole of its boys, and I doubt if any school does this. What is required is some common game in which the great mass of a school can join, and in which all *must* join, if they have no other active pursuit to occupy and train them.

Hockey appears to me to be exactly adapted for this purpose during the autumn. Football usually both begins and ends too soon, and any football captain will find by experience that hockey is a capital training for the greater game. It is also a good game for days when there is too much frost for football and too little for skating. The school which has no skating available is to be pitied; but I may say in passing that of all provisions for preventing colds and listlessness in frosty weather, the most important is that of a pond or shallow ditches for sliding. It cannot be too strongly insisted upon, that cold weather, without abundant means of popular exercise to occupy the time and quicken the circulation, is one of the most serious dangers to which a school can be subject. Physical indolence not only predisposes to various ailments, but is the destruction of healthy tone.

Athletics, properly so called, *i.e.*, running, jumping, and hurdle racing, are simply a nuisance if they are the speciality of a few who are stared at by the rest, and who compete

for prizes of preposterous value. But they are an almost unmixed blessing to a school if every boy joins in them. I can bear witness to the great popularity of a system in which every boy has his performances registered; and such a system, if once started and organised, is easily kept up by school prefects. Athletics, so conducted, wholesomely occupy a considerable part of the spring, and there are, of course, prize competitions at the end. It is much better that these competitions should be opened to several schools, than confined to one. Competition for prizes between individual boys is generally to be deprecated, but I can see nothing but good in competition between boys who are representatives of different schools. Great mischief is sometimes done by the training for the longer races. Many boys should never run such races at all, and for all boys sudden or great changes of diet, or violent training of any kind, should be prevented. If boys and men live as they should do, and keep constantly in good condition, they do not require any training of this kind, but will run better and jump better without it. There are many other games, including, I believe, la crosse and base ball, which might easily be naturalised and become popular. Paper chases and measured

runs fill up odd days, but they cannot take the place of regular games. There should not be a day in the school year in which the mass of the boys are lounging about, doing nothing in particular. I am, of course, not wishing to imply that regular games should fill up anything like the whole of play hours. It would be a great evil if they did. And if there is no swagger, or affectation of manishness, about a school, there will be plenty of minor active games going on at odd times.

On the numerous points of detail entered upon in this paper opinions will of course differ, nor is it possible that any two men should have had all the circumstances presented to them from such similar points of view as to agree upon all of them. The main object of this paper is to show how the postulate with which I started may be carried out more or less perfectly. On its being carried out by some means or other, the right position of athletics in school, university, and general life, depends; and on that right position depends in turn the future maintenance of the physical vigour of our imperial race, on which, as has been truly said, even our commercial supremacy ultimately rests.

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CHRISTMAS AND ANCESTOR WORSHIP IN THE BLACK MOUNTAIN.

II.

ACCORDING to the generally received account, the early Christians, at a time when Christendom and the Roman Empire were fast becoming synonymous, adopted for the day of their Christmas festival the birthday of Mithra, the Unconquered Sun—*Dies Natalis Solis Invicti*. This was the Roman festival of the winter solstice, as, from about the time of Aurelian onwards, it had begun to be celebrated with special rites in honour of the spiritual Persian divinity. The statement is perhaps credible. The Church, which had won more victories by compromise than by martyrdom, may well have discovered certain common grounds of ritual and belief in a religion that had been at once its rival and ally in the struggle against the grosser gods of Olympus; and could hardly fail to have noticed the striking resemblances that some of the most sacred rites of Mithraism presented to its own mysteries. Bearing in mind, however, the fact that long before the Christian era Buddhism had already familiarised the East with the idea of a miraculous incarnation from a Virgin Mother at this very season of the winter solstice, it would, on the whole, seem preferable to believe that the Christian Nativity had been connected with the time of the sun's annual re-birth at an earlier stage of the Church's history.

So much is certain, that, whether owing to the influence of Mithraism or not, the great Christian festival was already celebrated at its present mid-winter date before Christianity won its conquests over the barbarian world. And this being so, it has been

somewhat hastily assumed that the Church found among Teutons, Celts, and Slavs, a great sun festival of the winter solstice, the rites of which it could modify and convert for its own feast of the Nativity; and that, therefore, the heathen usages which undoubtedly peep out among the Christmas ceremonies of all these peoples have sprung from the same solar source as the original Roman festival.

This explanation of the origin of the yule customs has been generally accepted, even by such acute critics as Mr. Tylor; and it may be frankly admitted that the theory at first blush is not without an aspect of plausibility. The yule rites are obviously connected with the New Year; they represent fire-worship in some form, and they are in some cases connected with symbols believed to be of solar origin. I propose to show that the fact that they are essentially New Year's ceremonies, tells, curiously enough, against their connexion with the winter solstice, and that the symbols and the fire-worship alike belong to a cult earlier than that of the sun.

In following the primitive Serbian customs regarding Christmas, some account of which I have given in my former article, the reader will at once be struck by their general resemblance to the yule festivities of "merry England." A knowledge of the Christmas practices of Germany, the Netherlands, and the Norse countries will enable him to extend this comparison to the whole Teutonic race; and the yule customs of Celtic races betray an equally close correspondence. The bringing in and kindling of the yule log, the cake or plum-pudding with the evergreen spray rising from its centre;

the Christmas-tree itself, the wheel ornament, as seen in the Frisian Wêpelrôst; the wax-tapers, the roast pig, the wassail bowl and toasting, the Christmas carols, the charms and spells for the New Year—not one of the main features is wanting. In the charms and spells there are resemblances so close that they cannot be the result of accident. In Sweden, as in Serbia, the “yule-straw” is scattered over the fields to make them fruitful; in North Germany and in England, Christmas fruits, or bits of the Christmas log, are placed in the fork of a rotten fruit-tree to make it bear, just as in the Bosnian homesteads. The “Polaznik,” or Christmas guest, reappears in Germany disguised as a bearded man—Knecht Ruprecht, De Hèle Christ, Ru Clis,¹ Santa Claus—who, on Christmas Eve, knocks at the door of the North German cottage, bringing with him apples and gingerbread—just as our Crivoscian brought his orange—and beating children who don’t know how to pray with a bag of ashes. In the house ritual connected with the yule-log itself our Old English customs present some remarkable parallels with those of our Serbian kinsmen. In the Black Mountain it is usual to set aside a part of the log to burn on the last day of the Christmas feast; there, too, we have seen a part of the burnt log placed in a cranny of the house wall as a charm against Vieshtitzas and evil spirits; and the house-father, when he stirs the fire on Christmas morning, uses a burnt end of the log itself to rake together the embers. Compare all this with Herriek’s² account of the proper ceremonies for Candlemas Day, the last day of the Old English Christmas festival:—

“Kindle the Christmas brand, and then
Till sunset let it burn;
Which quencht, then lay it up agen
Till Christmas next return.
Part must be kept wherewith to teend
The Christmas log next year;
And where ’tis safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischiefe there.”

When we find such perfect agreement as this existing even in the details of this old yule ritual among Teutons, Celts, and Slavs, we are justified in concluding that the non-Christian part of Christmas observances, so faithfully preserved by all these Aryan peoples, once formed part of a great heathen festival, celebrated, before the days of their separation, by their common ancestors. And the peculiar value of the study of the yule rites, as I have described them in the Serbian homestead, is, that it enables us to trace the Teutonic and Celtic customs, with which we are familiar, a step backward, and throws, in many instances, a clear light on the origin of our own Christmas usages, such as we ourselves and our immediate kinsmen could not supply.

This will be readily understood when it is remembered that a large part of the Slavonic race, including the Serbian branch, is still in that communistic stage of social development out of which the Teutonic tribes were already emerging in the days of Cæsar and Tacitus. With us the family has long been individualised, and property is property in the etymological sense of *propriety*. With the communities whose Christmas customs I have been describing, the family is rather a group of families, living together under an elective house-elder, and holding house and land, goods and chattels in common. With the Serbs, therefore, who have preserved to the present day a form of family life which is essentially that of our remote Aryan ancestors, it is natural that the old customs originally bound up with this archaic household arrangement should have survived in a more perfect form than among races like our own, where this primitive communism has yielded to individual ownership. The survival of the old family organisation among the Serbs and other Slavs is in itself a proof of their strong conservative instincts touching all domestic usages, and he who would discover living traces of that religion of the hearth

¹ See Thorpe, *Northern Mythology*, p. 142.

² Herriek, *Hesperides*, liv.

that once knit together the Aryan household will search with greater probabilities of success in the straggling, chimneyless Zadruga than beneath trim Teutonic gables.

The old yule ritual survives among Teutonic peoples, but it survives in a more disguised or fragmentary form. So we see the Christmas guest become a mere mummer in parts of Germany; the bag of ashes with which he beats the children who don't know how to pray seems a meaningless property, and might be interpreted half-a-dozen different ways. But turn to our Crivoscian homestead. There the Polaznik on his arrival goes straight to the hearth, strikes sparks from the log, and as they fly again utters the spell and prayer which shall ensure luck and increase on the household and its belongings during the ensuing year. The goodly youth who acts as the Christmas dropper-in is himself chosen by the family that they may have a good omen for the coming year, just as the Lapps draw a New Year's omen from the first animal seen on Christmas morning. But in the ritual still performed beside the Serbian hearth we see traces of a time when the New Year's guest was regarded as something more than an omen. His close connexion with the yule-fire, which explains the ash-bag of his German representative, was probably at one time even closer than it is now; and in the offering that he lays on the log we may see an illustration of that well-established law of sacrificial evolution, by which a part is substituted for the devoted whole.¹ Doubtless there was a time when the yule guest himself was devoured by the too hospitable² divinity of the hearth—a time when the divine ancestor of the community claimed his annual human sacrifice, as, even within historic memory, the immediate ancestor, the departed head of the Slav and Scandinavian households claimed a

human victim for his pyre.³ The "Christmas roast" of that period was "long pig."

In England, where romance and ecclesiastical influences have been at work to travesty the primitive yule feast with reminiscences of the Roman Saturnalia, the Christmas guest appears in the scarcely recognisable form of mummers and wassailers, who go from house to house offering their bowl to master and mistress with wishes of luck and long life. With us indeed the whole character of the feast has changed, and the reception of the ceremonial dropper-in has developed into the practice of universal hospitality at Christmas time. Among the more primitive Serb communities the festival still retains what beyond doubt was its original character—that of a purely domestic celebration; so much so that in districts where strict rites are observed no one except the chosen guest may visit the family on Christmas Day.

Even with ourselves, indeed, in spite of the more unrestricted hospitality that goes with it, yule tide is still the season of all others for the family gathering. But the English paterfamilias, unlike the Serbian *domachin*, no longer hews and carries in his log; he no longer "teends" the yule-fire, or pours libations on its flame; he has ceased to perform his midnight lustrations, or to prepare with his own hands the sacrificial roast; he wassails not the divine name-giver of his race, he has forgotten his hearth-side prayers—in a word he has altogether degenerated from his old position of domestic priest.

³ Extraordinary accounts of human funeral sacrifice among the Slavs and Norse "Old Russians" will be found in the works of the Arabian travellers, Ibn Dasta and Ibn Foslan. It is also mentioned by Thietmar and the Emperor Maurice. For the Aryan character of the practice see Tylor, *op. cit.* vol. i. p. 419. For the religious character of hospitality among the Slavs see Helmhold, *Chron. Slav.* i. c. 82. With the Bulgarians the suggestive practice survives of occasionally burying a stranger in the family vault.

¹ See, on this law, Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. ii. p. 362.

² Cf. Jupiter, *Hospitalis*; Zeus, *Xenios*. No. 256.—VOL. XLIII.

Nay, worse, he is absolutely sacrilegious. He pokes the fire with an iron poker. In the Serbian cottage, as we have seen, not only all fire-irons, but all stools, benches, and tables, must be hidden away from the sight of the yule-fire, and the family eats and sleeps on the straw. The explanation that I have given of this usage, will probably commend itself to all students of superstition. Furniture and fire-irons are this day removed from the neighbourhood of the hearth because the yule ritual dates back to times when iron was unknown, and men were content to squat around the fire on the straw-strewn hearth; and the religion of the hearth has served to keep alive the ancient usage as a ceremonial form. This custom is almost universal among the Serbs, but with the Teutonic peoples it is only, as far as I am aware, to be found surviving in a fragmentary or disguised shape and in isolated localities. In Caithness¹ when the "need-fire"—of the affinities of which to the yule-fire I shall have something to say—is kindled by the ancient process of wood-friction, the operator, before endeavouring to obtain his light, first divests himself of all objects of metal that he may have about his person. On Christmas Eve, in parts of North Germany, great care is taken to keep the household utensils carefully stowed within doors. On no account must they be lent out, and so forth; and the reason given is that on this night they are liable to be bewitched. But this is a mere after-thought of superstition. Here again, as it seems to me, the Slav practice of stowing the household furniture out of sight of the yule-fire gives the real key to the riddle.

In order, then, to arrive at a knowledge of the true character and meaning of the original yule feast, we may turn with some confidence to the Christmas customs and folk-lore of

primitive Slav communities such as I have been describing. And from such a study we may easily arrive at two main conclusions. The yule-feast is intimately connected with the worship of ancestors, and as intimately with the worship of the fire on the hearth. The platters set out on the cottage roof, the Unchristened Folk beneath the threshold who wait for waxlights and offerings of food; the belief that on this night Earth and Paradise are blended, and the Spirits walk the earth; the blessing invoked upon "the Absent Ones;"² the toast drunk, and the bread cake broken in honour of the Patron Namegiver, who is, in fact, the divine progenitor of heathen days—every one of these superstitions connects the Christmas festival with the worship of ancestral Spirits. Its further connexion with the cult of the fire on the hearth is so obvious that it need only be alluded to.

And this cult of the hearth and that of the ancestral spirits, the living memory of which at Christmas is kept up in this extraordinary way in the primitive Serbian household, are, in fact, parts of one and the same religion—a religion once common to the whole Aryan race. Ancestor worship is, in fact, identified with the worship of the Fire on the hearth. The idea that fire and the principle of life are identical is so natural, that we cannot be surprised at finding it generally adopted in very early times. To the savage and to the child all objects are in some way animate, but of all inanimate objects fire has been the most long-lived. Probably there is no more striking survival in ordinary language of what Mr. Tylor would call primitive "animism," than when we speak of "live coals." The latest Science has taught us that our whole existence

² We are curiously reminded of the invocation of Agni in the *Rig Veda* (Max Müller's translation, vol. i. p. 24), "Eat thou, O God, the proffered oblations! Our fathers that are here and those that are not here, our fathers whom we know and those whom we do not know, thou knowest how many they are."

¹ Logan, *Scottish Gael; or, Celtic Manners as Preserved among the Highlanders*. London, 1831. Vol. ii. p. 64. Quoted by Grimm. *Deutsche Mythologie*, i. p. 574.

is a prolonged combustion, and the analogies between fire and the life in the human frame could not escape the earliest philosophy. According to a Slav myth, the life of man is kindled in the human body by a spark from the thundercloud. So in the poetic language of the modern world, we are reminded that the soul is still a "vital spark of heavenly flame," and that "e'en in our ashes live their wonted fires." But the analogy did not end here. The mystery of the birth of man, and the mystery of the generation of fire from the arani, the wooden fire-churn of our remote ancestors, suggested striking parallels. By the Indians of the Vedas, to quote the words of M. Darmesteter,¹ the same formula is repeated, "Quand l'homme allume la flamme dans le sein de l'arani et la vie dans le sein de la femme." It is from such analogies that the Vedic Fire-god is not only the progenitor of the human race, he is also the god of Love. So the Genius of the Sleep of Death, as exquisitely portrayed on ancient monuments, is simply the love-god extinguishing his torch—and though under later influences Eros has made way for grinning skulls from the charnel house of mediæval horrors, the torch of Life and Love still burns in the poetic imagery of mankind.

The parallel between fire and life, and the further parallel between the generation of fire and the generation of man, sufficiently explains the fact that in the Vedas Agni, the fire, appears as the first man and forefather of the whole human race. The practice of intermural interment which made the family hearth almost literally a tombstone, further connected the ancestral fire with the spirits of the immediate forefathers of the household. Thus the worship of ancestors, the oldest religion, not of our Aryan family alone, but of the human race, was intimately connected with the worship of the fire on the hearth. Fire might be regarded as

the visible presence of the Old-father himself, or as the god which took the offerings to the Fathers,² and from this, probably the later conception, branches off the idea of Agni as simply carrying the sacrificial offerings to the gods, in days when, by "a disease of language," the Heavens had usurped the fatherhood of Fire. The Vedas show us the transition between the old and the new belief: between the religion of the hearth and the religion of the heavens. But a single word in modern English, *piety* (*pietas*), the cult of the Fathers, may serve to remind us that the earliest religion of our race was simply the awful appeasement of the manes of departed Ancestors. It may be that, at a stage of barbarism so low that the lowest of modern savages have advanced beyond it, when the use of fire itself was unknown to man, the departed to whom the domestic rites were due, lived on as their shadows, or crept into the form of whatever small animals, birds, or insects, anticipated the ancestral fire in devouring the crumbs of offering. It may be that the survival of a variety of such beliefs regarding ancestors, parallel with the belief in the direct connexion between the departed and the fire on the hearth, is due to a still earlier form of manes worship, that existed when fire itself had not become as it has in the Avesta, "the house-companion of living beings." It is sufficient for our purpose here, that a time did come, at least with the Aryan race, when the worship of fire and the worship of ancestors had become one and the same cult, and the flame on the hearth was actually regarded as the visible presence of the household spirit.

And Fire having been identified as the Ancestor, became as it were the ladder by which the human spirit ascended to a more celestial worship. The descent of fire to earth from the

² "Thou, O Agni Gâtavedas, hast carried, when implored, the offerings which thou hast rendered sweet. Thou hast given them to the fathers; they fed on their share."—Max Müller, *Rig Veda*, p. 24.

¹ *Ormuzd et Ahriman*, p. 186; and see Kuhn, *Die Herabkunft des Feuers*, p. 69.

thunder-cloud, dramatized by myth, gave a new extension to ancient belief, and Fire, the Ancestor of the human race, began to be regarded as himself son of the Heavens. That was a supreme moment in the religious development of our race when the hearth became an altar and piety—the worship due to the *manes* of the fathers—was carried on in the column of the sacrificial flame to an All-father of the sky; when religion, fettered no longer to an earthly hearth, could soar upwards to the luminaries of heaven, and fix its dwelling amidst the stars; when in the all-embracing Sky, regarded as the Creator, the brotherhood of man was first established, and worship ceased to be a mere domestic cult of the *manes* of the individual household; when the shades of the departed beheld a rainbow bridge to lead them from their dark and joyless prison-house of clay to the star-fields of a more spiritual world. The transition to all this we begin to see in the Vedas. But Agni, as simply the ancestral Fire of the hearth, still shines fitfully through the clouds of mythic growth. The old priority of Fire is perpetually betraying itself. To Agni is addressed the first invocation of the Vedas; to Agni is still due the first offering; and when Agni shrouds himself in the darkness of the woods, the Vedic gods adore him trembling; the Heaven itself, and the Sun, and the storm Maruts, the echoes of the thunder sing their canticles to him, the original god of the hearth.¹

Agni in the Vedas is still at times a house-spirit, prayed to as the yule-fire in the Serbian cottage for plenty and long life, and the father of the family as there conducts the ceremony. The name of Agni as an Aryan inheritance, the Latin *Ignis*, the Russian *Ogon*, Serb *Ohun*, clings to the hearth, and is still concealed in the English *Oven*.² Hence we may infer

that at the time of the separation of the Aryan race, Agni was still the ancestral flame not yet clothed upon with celestial attributes. And nothing is more remarkable with regard to this old household cult than the manner in which it has been preserved in all its pristine purity by these Slav communities. When the Russian peasant changes his dwelling, he is careful to rake the embers from the stove, and transport them to his new abode, where he sets them ceremoniously on the hearth with the words, "Welcome, grandfather, to thy new home!" In the government of Nijegorod, the breaking up of the smouldering faggots on the hearth is strictly forbidden, as doing so might cause one's ancestors "to fall through into hell."³ Many of the Serbian yule-rites that I have described will be by this time understood in their true light; and the worship shown to the fire, and the offerings thrown to it, will be recognised as survivals of the old Aryan cult of the ancestral flame.

These Serbian rites indeed suggest curious parallels with the same hearth worship as practised in ancient Greece and Rome.⁴ There the Herces and Daimones of the Greeks, the Lares and Penates of the Romans, were simply the ancestral spirits whose worship was identified with that of the domestic fire. The pure fire of the hearth grew by an accident of language into the goddess Vesta; but Ovid⁵ allows that it is only the "living flame." The fire on the hearth and the household Lar were used indifferently in ordinary language. The corn and wine, the first portion of the Christmas feast, is given to the yule-fire just as of old the Roman or the Greek gave the first portion of his meal to the fire on the hearth.⁶ The Serbian house-father

³ Ralston, *op. cit.* p. 120.

⁴ The ancestor worship and hearth ritual of Greece and Rome will be found described with great lucidity in M. Fustel de Coulanges' *Cité Antique*.

⁵ Nec tu aliud Vestam quam vivam intellige flammam.—*Ovid Fasti*, vi. 295.

⁶ Cf. Servius in *Æneida*, l. 730 (quoted in

¹ Darmesteter, *op. cit.* p. 186 (Muir, v. 215).

² *Oven* is compared by Grimm with *Agni*, *Ignis*, &c.

offers a prayer when he lays the log on the fire, just as a prayer was offered to the manes when the fire was laid in the Roman household¹. The spell addressed to the rising flame by the Ragusan peasant, as he pours the wine and scatters the corn over the kindling log, "goodly be thy birth," receives its appropriate commentary in classic literature. In the fourth Georgic,² we are told that before the feast the vestal flame was thrice sprinkled with flowing nectar, "thrice did the flame below light up the roof-tree with its blaze," where Servius informs us that the brilliant shooting up of the flame that followed on the libation was reckoned a good omen.

The prayer addressed to the yule-fire—for it is nothing less—for "health, peace, fruits of the earth, and increase of cattle, and all good luck," almost recalls the actual words of the old Orphic hymn in which the fire is invoked as the household god. The same care was taken by the ancients in choosing the proper woods for the sacred fire as is still taken by the Slav peasants, and the oak retains its holy character. The Roman ritual performed in honour of the god Terminus who is in fact the ancestral spirit in his character of guardian of fields and landmarks, presents some singular points of resemblance with Serbian yule customs. We are told that the father of the family himself cut up the logs and laid them on the rustic altar, that he himself kindled it with sacred fire from the hearth, that he sprinkled corn over the logs, that wine libations were poured, and that a lamb or sucking-pig was also offered up.³

de Coulanges, *op. cit.* p. 24), "Apud Romanos cœna edita silentium fieri solebat quoad ea quæ de cœna libata fuerant ad focum ferrentur et igni darentur ac puer deos propitios nuntiasset." In Bohemia the superstition still survives of throwing a bit of every dish to the fire. Grehmann, *Aberglauben und Gebräuche aus Böhmen und Mähren*, s.v. Feuer.

¹ "His placabilis umbra est,
Adde preces positis et sua verba focis."

Ovid. Fasti, ii. v. 541.

² Virgil, *Georg.* iv. l. 384.

³ *Ovid. Fasti*, lib. ii. x. 61, *seqq.*

The careful ablutions, the removal of all objects improper to the ancient cult, the touching of the log with a gloved hand, all is entirely in keeping with the old hearth ritual as performed by Greek and Roman. The fire in ancient days was to be specially preserved from the contamination of any dirty object, and above all no one was to set his foot in it. We need not indeed go so far a-field as the Black Mountain to find parallels for all this. In olden times in England there was a special superstition against approaching the yule-fire with bare feet, and Herrick's⁴ advice to maids may yet be remembered with advantage—

"Wash your hands, or else the fire
Will not teend to your desire;
Unwashed hands, ye maidens, know,
Dead the fire though ye blow."

So truly in the old worship of the hearth was cleanliness next to godliness!

It will by this time perhaps be admitted that the yule ritual, as illustrated and interpreted by the usage of the primitive Serb households, connects itself in every way with the old Aryan worship of the ancestral Fire on the hearth. There are no doubt among the Slavs, as among the Teutons and Celts, still existing relics of heathen festivals connected with sun-worship. The flaming wheel, still rolled down from the hill-top to the stream below on St. John's Eve, and on other festivals of the pagan year which Christianity has adopted, no doubt belongs to this category. In England, indeed, in mediæval times, the connexion between this practice and an ancient rite of sun-worship was still remembered; and the blazing wheel rolled down the steep at the time of the summer solstice was still held to represent the descent of the sun's wheel from the summit of his yearly circle.⁵ But the more the character

⁴ *Hesperides*, lxxii.

⁵ This appears from a passage in the Harleian MS., quoted by Kemble, *Saxons in England*, i. 296. " . . . de rotâ quam faciunt volvi (in Vigilia Beati Johannis), quod cum

of the yule feast is compared with the St. John's Eve fires, and ceremonies of a like nature, the more patent it will appear that its essential attributes are very different. The yule rites, such as I have been describing, are before all things part of a private cult; they are celebrated by the father of the family with closed doors at his domestic hearth; the offerings are given to the household fire; the first toast is the patron namegiver of the household. How little is there here in common with those public open air ceremonies in which not the individual family alone, but the whole community, takes part! The one feast still retains its character of a purely household celebration, and derives its natural origin from a time when all religion was included in the family cult of its own departed forefathers. The other is as manifestly the outcome of a more advanced stage of mythic development and social

immunda cremant hec habent ex gentibus. Rota involvitur ad significandum quod sol tunc ascendit ad alciora sui circuli et statim regreditur." Cf. Kuhn, *op. cit.* p. 50.

organisation, in which a priestly caste is possible, in which the natural place of celebration is beneath the open canopy of heaven, or in some hypæthral temple of antiquity.

All this it is true does not exclude the possibility that the later mythic development of religion, of which sun worship is an offshoot, may have left its traces on what was originally a more primitive festival. The yule feast, as I shall proceed to show, was not originally celebrated at the time of the winter solstice, but having once been transferred to that date it may have received some solar touches. It might fairly be argued that the Wepelrôt, for instance, the Frisian wheel-staff carried round at this time, had reference to the cult of the sun. The *kolatch* or wheel-cake of the Serbian Christmas meal, might also be claimed for the luminous wheel of heaven. In a concluding paper I shall present some considerations which tend to show that the wheel itself, as a symbol, belonged to the ancestral Fire before it rolled in the chariot of Apollo.

ARTHUR J. EVANS.

(To be continued)

MR. FRANK BUCKLAND.

EVENTS, in the present time, follow one another with such rapidity, and the favourites of society pass in such constant succession over the stage, that the most startling occurrences are only regarded as nine days' wonders; and men who have even filled a prominent place are almost forgotten before a monument is erected to their memory. Under such circumstances it may prove an almost hopeless task to recall attention to the character of a man who held only a comparatively subordinate official position, and who has left no first-rate work behind him to illustrate the achievements of a singularly ready pen. Yet Mr. Frank Buckland occupied so exceptional a position, and held it so long, that common justice requires that his memory should be preserved; and a short article on his doings, on his character, and even on the eccentricities which formed part of his character, may be welcome to hundreds of persons who knew and loved the man, and to thousands of other persons who did not know the man but loved his writings.

Francis Trevelyan Buckland was the eldest son of the Very Reverend William Buckland, the founder of the modern school of geology, the author of one of the best known of the Bridgewater Treatises, and Dean of Westminster. His mother—Miss Morland before her marriage—threw herself into the geological researches which made her husband famous, and frequently proved a ready assistant to the Dean. His father was probably one of the most popular lecturers ever known at Oxford. With the zeal of an enthusiast, he never confined his teachings to the lecture-room, but frequently organized parties to scour the neighbourhood of the university,

and explained the geology of the district standing on the very stones on which he was commenting. He had the rare art of throwing interest into the most abstruse subjects; and stories are still told of him, to illustrate his ready wit, which would enliven any article. In 1826, when his eldest son was born, he had already acquired a considerable reputation; and he chose as sponsors for his boy two men who both filled some position in the world—Sir Francis Chantrey, the sculptor, and Sir Walter Trevelyan, the apostle of temperance. The boy owed his two names, Francis Trevelyan, to his two godfathers. But these names are probably unfamiliar to the majority of the people who were afterwards acquainted with him; the future naturalist almost always signed himself, and friends and strangers always spoke of him as, Frank Buckland.

Dr. Buckland is said to have expected his son's birth with as much impatience as Mr. Shandy awaited the arrival of Tristram. When the nurse told him that the child was a boy, he declared that he should go at once and plant a birch, for he was determined that his son should be well brought up. The declaration proved a prophecy. Young Buckland was educated by his uncle, Dr. Buckland, of Laleham, the friend and kinsman of Dr. Arnold, but a most severe and even brutal pedagogue. He was subsequently sent to Winchester, and in due course passed on to Christchurch. At school he certainly received his share of chastisement, and within a year or two of his death he showed some of his friends scars on his hand which he said were his uncle's doing. He was probably a trying pupil to an impatient school-

master; yet he contrived to acquire a large share of classical knowledge. He had whole passages of Virgil at his fingers' ends. He used to say, when he could not understand an act of parliament, that he always turned it into Latin; and within a fortnight of his death he was discussing a passage of a Greek play with one of the accomplished medical men who attended him, interesting himself about the different pronunciation of ancient and modern Greek, and the merits of Greek accentuation. Mathematics were not supposed to form a necessary part of a boy's education forty years ago, and it may be doubted whether even his dread of his uncle's ferule or the discipline at Winchester could have induced him to make any progress in the study. To the end of his life he always regarded it as a providential circumstance that nature had given him eight fingers and two thumbs, as the arrangement had enabled him to count as far as ten. When he was engaged on long inspections, which involved the expenditure of a good deal of money, he always carried it in small paper parcels each containing ten sovereigns; and, though he was fond of quoting the figures which his secretary prepared for him in his reports, those who knew him best doubted whether they expressed any clear meaning to him. He liked, for instance, to state the number of eggs which various kinds of fish produced, but he never rounded off the calculations which his secretary made to enable him to do so. The unit at the end of the sum was, in his eyes, of equal importance to the figure, which represented millions, at the beginning of it.

Of Mr. Buckland's Christ Church days many good stories are told. Almost every one has heard of the bear which he kept at his rooms, of its misdeemeanours, and of its rustication. Less familiar, perhaps, is the story of his first journey by the Great

Western. The dons, alarmed at the possible consequences of a railway to London, would not allow Brunel to bring the line nearer than Didcot. Dean Buckland in vain protested against the folly of this decision, and the line was kept out of harm's way at Didcot. But, the very day on which it was opened, Mr. Frank Buckland, with one or two other undergraduates, drove over to Didcot, travelled up to London, and returned in time to fulfil all the regulations of the university. The Dean, who was probably not altogether displeased at the joke, told the story to his friends who had prided themselves on keeping the line from Oxford. "Here," he said, "you have deprived us of the advantages of a railway, and my son has been up to London."

It was probably no easy task to select a profession for a young man who had already distinguished himself by an eccentric love for animals, which had induced him to keep a bear at Oxford and a vulture at the Deanery at Westminster. At his father's wish, Mr. Buckland decided on entering the medical profession. To qualify himself for his duties, he studied in Germany, at Paris, and at St. George's Hospital. While he was at Paris the cholera was raging, and the patients who died of it in hospital were allotted to the Anatomical School. Mr. Buckland, however, had the stoutest of nerves and the strongest of constitutions, and never contracted any illness during the year of sickness. He returned to London, and soon afterwards became house-surgeon at St. George's. He used to say that the cases which were brought into the accident ward grouped themselves into classes according to the hours of the day. The suicides came at an early hour of the morning; the scaffold accidents next, since a scaffold, if it gave way at all, gave way early in the day; the street accidents afterwards, and so on. At St. George's he collected a fund of good stories, with

which he used to amuse his friends to the last days of his life. One of the best of them told, as he never minded his stories telling, against himself. An old woman came to the hospital with a cough, which she declared nothing would alleviate except some sweet, luscious mixture which another out-patient, a friend of hers, had received. The old woman was given a bottleful of the mixture, and returned again and again for more, though her cough got little better. At last Mr. Buckland's suspicions were aroused, and he desired that his patient should be watched. She was watched, and was found outside Chelsea Hospital selling the mixture in halfpenny tarts.

In 1854, while he was still engaged at St. George's, he was offered and accepted the post of assistant-surgeon in the 2nd Life Guards. Perhaps no army surgeon ever enjoyed so much popularity among his brother-officers. The friends whom he made during his nine years with the regiment remained his friends to the day of his death; and, whenever any of them happened to meet him, Mr. Buckland had an endless store of anecdotes of his old Life Guards days. The nine years during which he served with the regiment were probably the happiest of his life. He left it on the surgeoncy falling vacant, and on finding that the rules of the service necessitated his own supercession by the transfer from another regiment of another surgeon. But during the nine years through which he had served his name had become famous. His contributions to the *Field* newspaper and his *Curiosities of Natural History* had made natural history popular in thousands of households; and the exertions which he had already commenced in the cause of fish-culture had marked him as a man with an idea. Thus he left the army a known man, and during the next few years relied on his pen. Unfortunately he was unable to continue contributing to the

paper which he had been instrumental in originating. Differences arose between himself and the conductors of the *Field*, and Mr. Buckland, separating himself from his fellow-labourers, founded *Land and Water*. It is not too much to say that the latter periodical was indebted to his pen for its existence and reputation.

A new sphere was, in the meanwhile, preparing for Mr. Buckland's energies. In 1861 Parliament had sanctioned the appointment of two Inspectors of Fisheries for England and Wales. One of these gentlemen, Mr. Eden, retired in broken health in 1867, and Mr. Buckland was chosen as his successor. He had hardly been appointed when his colleague, Mr. Ffennell, died; and another gentleman had to be chosen for the second inspectorship. The old traditions of the office were thus snapped at the period of Mr. Buckland's appointment, and the new inspectors, without the assistance of an experienced colleague, had to map out their own policy. This is not the place to describe the policy which they pursued, or the results which ensued from it. It is sufficient to say that no public officer ever threw himself so heartily into his work as Mr. Buckland. His zeal frequently led him into imprudences which would have told severely on a less robust constitution, and which perhaps had the effect of shortening his own life. He has been known to wade up to his neck in water, and change his clothes driving away from the river on the box of a fly. This was an exceptional case; but it was a common thing for him to sit for hours in wet boots. He rarely wore a great coat; he never owned a railway rug; he took a delight in cold, and frequently compared himself to a Polar bear, which languished in the heat and revived in the frost. The pleasure which Mr. Buckland derived from cold accounted for many of his eccentricities. Even in winter he wore the smallest amount of clothing; in summer he discarded almost all clothing.

The illustrated papers, which have published portraits of him at home, have given their readers a very inaccurate idea of his appearance at his house in Albany Street. Those were very rare occasions on which he wore a coat at home. His usual dress was a pair of trousers and a flannel shirt; he deferred putting on socks and boots till he was starting for his office. Even on inspections he generally appeared at breakfast in the same attire, and on one occasion, he left a large country house, in which he was staying, with no other garments on. While he was driving in a dogcart to the station he put on his boots, and as the train was drawing up to the station, at which a deputation of country gentlemen was awaiting him, he said with a sigh that he must begin to dress. Boots were in fact his special aversion. He lost no opportunity of kicking them off his feet. One one occasion, travelling alone in a railway carriage, he fell asleep with his feet resting on the window-sill. As usual he kicked off his boots and they fell outside the carriage on the line. When he reached his destination the boots could not, of course, be found, and he had to go without them to his hotel. The next morning a platelayer examining the permanent way, came upon the boots, and reported to the traffic manager that he had found a pair of gentleman's boots, but that he could not find the gentleman. Some one connected with the railway recollected that Mr. Buckland had been seen in the neighbourhood, and, knowing his eccentricities, inferred that the boots must belong to him. They were accordingly sent to the Home Office and were at once claimed.

We have said that he rarely wore a greatcoat, and when he did so it was apparently more for the value of the additional pockets it contained than for its warmth. One of his good stories turned on this. He had been in France, and was returning, *via* Southampton, with an overcoat stuffed with natural history specimens of all

sorts dead and alive. Among them was a monkey, which was domiciled in a large inside breast-pocket. As Buckland was taking his ticket, Jocko thrust up his head and attracted the attention of the booking-clerk, who immediately (and very properly) said, "You must take a ticket for that dog, if it's going with you." "Dog?" said Buckland; "it's no dog; it's a monkey." "It is a dog," replied the clerk. "It's a monkey," retorted Buckland, and proceeded to show the whole animal, but without convincing the clerk, who insisted on five shillings for the dog-ticket to London. Nettled at this, Buckland plunged his hand into another pocket and produced a tortoise, and laying it on the sill of the ticket window said, "Perhaps you'll call that a dog too." The clerk inspected the tortoise. "No," said he, "we make no charge for them—they're insects."

If a close observer were asked to mention the chief quality which Mr. Buckland developed as Inspector of Fisheries, he would probably reply a capacity for managing men. He had the happiest way of conciliating opposition and of carrying an even hostile audience with him. It frequently occurred that the fishermen, at the many inquiries which his colleague and he held, looked in the first instance with suspicion on the inspectors. They never looked with suspicion on them when they went away. The ice of reserve was thawed by the warmth of Mr. Buckland's genial manner; and the men who, for the first half-hour, shrank from imparting information, in the next three hours vied with one another in contributing it. Mr. Buckland was equally at ease with more educated audiences, though in their case he was perhaps less uniformly successful. If he had been a politician, he would have been a greater mob orator than Parliamentary debater. But the higher classes, like the lower classes, could not resist the warmth of his manner or the ring of

his laughter. He could not, in the most serious conversation, refrain from his joke; and some persons will recollect how on one occasion he was desecrating, at a formal meeting, on the advantages which would ensue from the formation of a fishery district. "You will be appointed a conservator, and then you will impose license duties, and the money—probably 300*l.*—will be paid to you." "And what shall I do then?" inquired his listener. "Why, then," replied Mr. Buckland, "you had better bolt with it."

His love of a joke distinguished him as a lecturer. He remembered his father's lectures, and always thought it his first duty to make his audience laugh; and he had a dozen stories ready to provoke laughter. The excuse of a milk-boy, on a fish being found in the milk—"Please, sir, mother forgot to strain the water"—was one of those which did frequent duty. The same love of a joke followed him on his official inquiries. He left on one occasion a parcel of stinking fish, which he had carried about with him, and forgotten, neatly done up in paper, in a fashionable thoroughfare in Scotland, and stood at the hotel window to watch the face of the first person who examined it. He amused himself, one Sunday evening, on another occasion, in making herring-roe out of tapioca pudding and whisky, to puzzle the witnesses whom he was to examine on the Monday; and he raised a laugh on a third occasion by telling a witness, who said he was a shoemaker, that to judge from the appearance of the children's feet, he should think he had a very poor trade. Throughout his journeys, specimens of every kind, living, dying, and dead, were thrown into his bag, possibly to keep company with his boots or his clothes. The odour of the bag usually increased with the length of the inspection, and on one occasion, when it was exceptionally offensive, he said to the boots of a very smart hotel, "I think you had better

put this bag into the cellar, as I should not be at all surprised if it smelt by to-morrow morning."

The love of fun and laughter, which was perceptible while he was transacting the dulllest business, distinguished him equally as a writer. It was his object, so he himself thought, to make natural history practical; but it was his real mission to make natural history and fish-culture popular. He popularised everything that he touched, he hated the scientific terms which other naturalists employed, and invariably used the simplest language for describing his meaning. His writings were unequal: some of them are not marked by any exceptional qualities. But others of them, such as the best parts of the *Curiosities of Natural History*, and *The Royal Academy without a Catalogue* are admirable examples of good English, keen critical observation and rich humour. His best things, he used to say himself, were written on the box of an omnibus or in a railway carriage. *The Royal Academy without a Catalogue* was written between London and Crewe, and posted at the latter station. He had originally acquired the art of writing in a railway train from the late Bishop of Oxford. He practised it with as much zeal as the bishop did, and with as good effect. The more laboured compositions which Mr. Buckland undertook did not always contain equal traits of happy humour. He was at his best when he took the least pains, and a collection of his very best pieces would deserve a permanent place in any collection of English essays.

Desultory work of this character made Mr. Buckland's name a household word throughout the country. His articles were copied and re-copied into various newspapers, and obtained, in this way, hundreds of thousands of readers. But, at the same time, this desultory work necessarily prevented him from accomplishing any literary task of first-rate excellence. Some of his personal

popularity was thus purchased at the cost of his future reputation; and a mass of knowledge has died with him which might otherwise have been preserved. It is no exaggeration to say that he had collected during his busy life a vast store of information. He had trained himself to observe, and his eye rarely missed anything. He thought that he had facts at his disposal which would have enabled him to answer the great doctrines which Mr Darwin has unfolded. Evolution was eminently distasteful to him; only two days before his death, in revising the preface of his latest work, he deliberately expressed his disbelief in it, and he used to dispose of any controversy on the subject by saying, "My father was Dean of Westminster. I was brought up in the principles of Church and State; and I will never admit it—I will never admit it."

Though, however, on such occasions as these Mr. Buckland used the language of advanced Tories, he habitually shrank from political discussion. He declared that he did not understand politics, and that he reserved himself for his own immediate pursuits. Into these pursuits he threw himself with his whole energy; and his energy was extraordinary. The greatest example of it was in the search which he made for John Hunter's coffin in the vaults of St. Martin's Church. He literally turned over every coffin in the church before he found the one of which he was in search, spending a whole fortnight among the dead. He was ultimately rewarded by obtaining a grave for his hero's remains in Westminster Abbey. John Hunter was his typical hero. He had pursued the studies to which Mr. Buckland also devoted himself. He had founded a great museum. He had almost originated a science. Like John Hunter, one of Mr. Buckland's main objects was to form a collection which would illustrate the whole science of fish-culture. The museum at South Kensington, which

he has left to the nation, exists as a proof of his success. Inferior, of course, to the similar collections in the Smithsonian Museum of the United States, it forms an unequalled example of what one man may accomplish by energy and industry. Thousands of persons have interested themselves in fish-culture from seeing the museum; and the collection has long formed one of the most popular departments of the galleries at South Kensington.

Energy was only one of Mr. Buckland's characteristics. His kindness was another. Perhaps no man ever lived with a kinder heart. It may be doubted whether he ever willingly said a hard word or did a hard action. He used to say of one gentleman, by whom he thought he had been aggrieved, that he had forgiven him seventy times seven already; so that he was not required to forgive him any more. He could not resist a cry of distress particularly if it came from a woman. Women, he used to say, are such doe-like, timid things that he could not bear to see them unhappy. One night, walking from his office, he found a poor servant girl crying in the street. She had been turned out of her place that morning as unequal to her duties; she had no money, and no friends nearer than Taunton, where her parents lived. Mr. Buckland took her to an eating-house, gave her a dinner, drove her to Paddington, paid for her ticket, and left her in charge of the guard of the train. His nature was so simple and generous that he did not even then seem to realise that he had done an exceptionally kind action.

A volume might perhaps be filled with an account of Mr. Buckland's eccentricities. When he was studying oysters, he would never allow any one to speak; the oysters, he said, overheard the conversation and shut up their shells. More inanimate objects than oysters were endowed by him with sense. He had almost persuaded himself that inanimate things could

be spiteful ; and he used to say that he would write a book on their spitefulness. If a railway lamp did not burn properly, he would declare it was sulky, and throw it out of window to see if it could find a better master. He punished his portmanteau on one occasion by knocking it down, and the portmanteau naturally revenged itself by breaking all the bottles of specimens which it contained, and emptying their contents on its master's shirts. To provide himself against possible disasters, he used to carry with him an armoury of implements. On the herring inquiry he went to Scotland with six boxes of cigars, four dozen pencils, five knives, and three thermometers. On his return, three weeks afterwards, he produced one solitary pencil, the remnant of all this property. The knives were lost, the cigars were smoked ; one thermometer had lost its temper, and been thrown out of window ; another had been drowned in the Pentland Frith, and a third had beaten out its own brains against the bottom of a gun-

boat. No human being could have told the fate of the pencils.

Such were some of the eccentricities of a man who will, it may be hoped, be recollected by the public for the work which he did, and by his friends for his kindliness, his humour, and his worth. As he lived, so he died. Throughout a long and painful illness his spirits never failed, and his love of fun never ceased. "I wish to be present at this operation," was his quaint reply to the proposal of his surgeon that he should take chloroform, and his wonderful vitality enabled him to survive for months under sufferings which would have crushed other men. He is gone : his work is of the past ; and posterity will coldly examine its merits. But his friends will not patiently wait the verdict of posterity. When they recollect his rare powers of observation, his capacity of expressing his ideas, his quaint humour, his kindly heart, and open hand, they will say with the writer, we shall not soon look on his like again.

SPENCER WALPOLE.

RUGBY, TENNESSEE.

So many persons have shown a desire to know more of this enterprise than can be gathered from the original prospectus, or the pamphlets which have followed it, that it may be well to give here some further account of what has been done hitherto, and what is contemplated.

First, as to the class of persons who may be advised to go to Rugby, Tennessee, with a view to settlement there. Every one not of independent means intending to make the experiment should ask himself seriously the question, "Am I prepared for some years, during the working hours of the day, to live the life of a peasant?" or, in other words, to earn my living out of the soil by my own labour? Unless he can answer, and answer confidently, in the affirmative, he had better not go. If he can, he may go safely, as he will find there as great variety of occupations to choose from as in any part of the United States or our colonies. Soil, climate, situation, all point to a varied industry. The settler may raise sheep, cattle, or hogs; he may grow any kind of fruit or vegetables, or (should he prefer to follow the lead of the few native farmers of the district) corn, maize, and other cereals; he may devote himself to the culture of poultry, or bees; he may take to lumbering, and help to supply the saw-mills with logs, or the merchants with staves for casks. One or more of these industries he will have to learn to live by, unless indeed he chances to be a good mechanic. For carpenters, masons, and brickmakers, who know their business, there is a good opening at good wages; but these are in demand everywhere in new countries.

I have said that the settler will have to lead a peasant's life during working hours; and it is this limitation, "during working hours," which forms one of the chief attractions of the settlement. For at other times, when his work is done, he will find himself in a cultivated society, within easy reach of all the real essentials of civilisation, beginning with a good library. In short, whoever is ready "to put himself into primary relations with the soil and nature, and to take his part bravely with his own hands in the manual labour of this world" (as Mr. Emerson puts it in his counsels to young Americans, in *Man the Reformer*), will find here as favourable conditions for his very sensible experiment as he is likely to get in any part of the world.

Assuming then our young Englishman ready to accept these conditions, and to start in life, resolute to prove that he can make his two hands keep his head, and need be under obligations to no one for a meal or a roof, how is he to get to the scene of his experiment, and what should he take with him in the shape of outfit?

First, as to outfit. The less of it he takes the better. One of the first and most valuable lessons which his new life will teach him is, that nine tenths of what he has been used to consider the necessities of life are only lumber. A stout chest, or even a big leather bag, ought to hold all his worldly goods for the time being. Two or three stout suits of clothes, and several pairs of strong boots and gaiters, with flannel shirts, and a good supply of underclothing—including a leather waistcoat for the few bitterly cold winter days—and socks, will be ample. Slop clothes of all kinds he

can get in America as cheap as at home, and not much worse; but they won't wear, especially the boots. These latter, I take it, it will always answer his purpose to get from England, paying the very heavy duty.

If he is a sportsman he may take his shot gun and rifle, but these must not be new or they will be liable to duty. If he has none of his own, he had better buy in the United States, where all kinds of sporting weapons are very good, and cheaper than the English would be after payment of duty. For a revolver he will have no more occasion than in England. In this part of Tennessee they are only silly and somewhat dangerous toys; and I am glad to say that the magistrates of this, and all the neighbouring counties, are fining severely when cases of wearing arms are brought before them.

As to a fishing-rod and tackle, I am doubtful what to advise. There are two most tempting-looking streams, with pools and stickles which vividly excite one's piscatorial nerves at first sight, and give reasonable hope that monsters of the deep must haunt there. But further acquaintance dispels the pleasant illusion. Whatever the cause may be—probably because there has never been a close-time in these streams since the creation, and the natives are wasteful as well as very keen sportsmen—a bass of three or four inches long is the biggest fish to be heard of.

That some sensible understanding will soon be established as to the fishing there is much reason to hope; but, as it will take some years in any case before it can be worth while to throw a line there, the young settler had better perhaps leave his angling gear at home.

And the same may be said for tool chests, and implements of all kinds. If a youngster has a favourite set which he has been using in those excellent workshops which some of our public schools have at last established,

sentiment may be allowed to carry the day, and he may find it worth while to take his proved tools with him. Otherwise, he will avoid much trouble and annoyance at the custom-house by going without, and will get the articles when he wants them quite as good and not much dearer, at Cincinnati.

His chest or bag will of course find a corner for some photographs and other home memorials, and possibly for a favourite book or two. But of these latter he may be saving, as he will find a good free library already on the spot.

The great thing is to remember in all his preparations that he is going to try an experiment which *may* not succeed. If it should, he can easily run home in a year or two for his "lares and penates." If not, it will be very much better for him not to have to bring them away. This would look like defeat, while no such inference could fairly be drawn from the packing up of one box, and the distribution amongst those whom he leaves behind him in the settlement of whatever will not fit into it.

But he must have some money also? Yes, but very little will serve his turn; in fact I had almost said the less the better. If he is at all in earnest about what he is doing, a week or two will be enough to turn round in, see the place and the neighbourhood, settle what he is best fitted for, and make arrangements to begin working at that particular business. If for that week he even takes a room at the hotel, and lives there—the most costly course open to him—it will only cost him some 2*l*. For a much smaller sum he can be put up at one of the boarding-houses. At the end of that time he ought to be able at least to earn enough to keep himself. He will, if he is wise, at once become a shareholder in the town commissary (or supply association) which will cost him \$5 or £1; and he may also like to join the club (which controls the lawn tennis ground and the musical gatherings, and otherwise

caters for the social life of the settlement), and to support the vestry or the choir. But we may take 5*l.* as the maximum sum which it will take to make him free of all the nascent institutions of the infant settlement; and if he can command another 10*l.* to tide him over a week or two's failure of employment or health, he will have quite as much of the mammon of unrighteousness as is at all likely to be good for him at starting.

I am speaking now only of young men not yet of age, who seem likely to be the great majority of the settlers at present. For older men no longer under disability, who control their own funds and may be supposed to know their own minds, of course the case is different. Command of capital may make a great difference to them in their start, as many openings are occurring of which a man with funds under his immediate control will be able to avail himself. And even for younger men, where they or their friends can afford such an outlay, it will probably be desirable to make some arrangement with one of the present settlers, by which board and instruction may be obtained at a very reasonable cost, with the prospect possibly of a partnership in future. I only wish to say that, so far as I can judge, any young man who can command such an outfit and sum as I have named, in addition to his journey money, and goes out with a resolute determination to get on by hard work, may start for Rugby with good prospects of making an independence under pleasant and wholesome conditions of life.

The cost of getting out will depend in some measure on whether the emigrant is able or desirous to avail himself of the arrangements made by the Board. If he can do this, he may get to Sedgemoor, the Rugby station on the Cincinnati Southern Railway, for fifteen guineas, first-class; 12*l.* 10*s.* intermediate, and 8*l.* 10*s.* steerage.

This route is by Philadelphia, where the train for Cincinnati is in waiting alongside the pier, where the steamers of the American line land their passengers. If he prefers, or is obliged, to go by New York, his sea-voyage will be at the ordinary fares; but the agent of the Board at New York will furnish him with tickets to Sedgemoor at a reduced charge.

Going as fast as he can, it will take him thirty-six hours after landing to get to Sedgemoor. As, however, he will probably like, at any rate, to sleep at Cincinnati on his road (even if he should be able sternly to waive aside the attractions of the eastern cities), we may look for him there some three days after his arrival in America.

Sedgemoor is a small clearing in the middle of the forest, through which the railway has been running for the last thirty miles. He is already some 1,200 feet above the sea level, as he has been creeping up by gentle inclines ever since he entered the forest country. From this point the line descends again gradually to the South, till it reaches the Tennessee river and its terminus at Chatanooga. But when he is landed at Sedgemoor he is still some 600 feet below the level of Rugby, and he commences the ascent at once. There is a broad road graded right away from the station to the town for six miles and upwards through land belonging to the Board, and he begins the ascent within one hundred yards of the line. As soon as he is up this first ascent the road runs almost all the way along the ridge of a watershed to the Clear Fork river, upon the further bank of which the town of Rugby lies. The drive should be instructive to him, not mainly for the charm of the scenery, or the glimpses he will get here and there of the distant blue mountains of North Carolina away to the east, but for the specimen it will give him of the sort of work he will soon be employed on.

Most likely his first job will be to clear similar land at so many dollars an acre, either for the Board or some of the settlers. The whole of the ridge on either side this road is specially adapted for fruit-growing; so the farms are laid out in forty or fifty acres, with only a small frontage to the road. Settlers who wish to start in fruit and vegetable culture can buy larger tracts to the rear at smaller prices, if they wish to secure a larger area for future use.

A year hence, it is hoped, that on crossing the Clear Fork bridge, the visitor will find himself opposite to a public building which will serve as a gate-house to the town, and where a register will be kept of all the inhabitants for the convenience of strangers; but as the gate-house at present only exists on paper, he will have to go to the office of the Board, some three-quarters of a mile further on, in the centre of the town of the future, for any information he may need. On the way he will pass the church fronting the main avenue along which his way lies, and will see the commissary and the boarding-houses lying back, on what will be important side streets. A number of private houses in different stages of building—few, I fear, finished as yet, the supply of building materials being sadly behind the demand—line the main avenue, till it terminates in a sweep which will bring him to the Tabard, the hotel, which stands almost on the highest point at the west end of the town, within a couple of hundred yards or so of the thickly wooded gully some 200 feet deep, through which the second stream, the White Oak, runs to its junction with the Clear Fork half a mile away. At the Tabard, if not at the office, he will find the manager and other officials of the Board, and will obtain all such advice and assistance as he may need both with respect to his immediate housing, and to his future plans.

It may be well to refer shortly, in
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conclusion, to several points on which a good deal of misunderstanding seems still to exist.

And first as to the commissary, to which reference has been already made. Doubts seem still to haunt some minds as to the intentions of the Board in respect of the freedom of trade at Rugby. We can best answer perhaps by repeating what was said in the address delivered by the representative of the Board, on the 5th of October, 1880, which contains the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth:—

“We have all of us a number of imperative wants which must be provided for and satisfied day by day. We want food, clothes, furniture, and a great variety of things besides, which our nurture and culture have made all but essential to us. These must all be provided here, either by each of us for himself or by some common machinery. Well, we believe that it can be done best by a common machinery, in which we should like to see every one take a hand. We have a ‘commissary’ already established, and have used that word rather than ‘store’ to indicate our own wishes and intentions, as a commissary is especially a public institution. Our wish is to make this commissary a centre of supply, and that every settler, or at any rate every householder here, should become a member and part-owner of it. The machinery by which this can be done is perfectly familiar in England, and here also. If it is adopted, the cost price of establishing the present commissary, as it stands, will be divided into small shares of five dollars each, so that the poorest settler may not be inconvenienced by the outlay for membership. Every one will get whatever profits are made on his own consumption, and the business will be directed and superintended by a board of council chosen by the members themselves. In this way again we shall have a common interest and common property, and in the supplying of our own daily wants shall feel that, if one member suffers, all suffer; if one rejoices, all rejoice. In this way, too, if we please, we may be rid once for all of the evils which have turned retail trade into a keen and anxious, and, generally, a dishonest scramble in older communities; rid of adulteration, of false pretences, of indebtedness, of bankruptcy. Trade has been a potent civiliser of mankind, but only so far and so long as it has been kept in its place as a servant. As a master and an idol, it has proved a destroyer in the past, like all other idolatries, and is proving itself so in the present in many places we know of. Let us, as a

community, take hold of it and master it here from the first, and never release our grasp and control of it."

This commissary has now been worked for three months by the settlers with excellent results. So far as I know, every one of them belongs to it, and the supplies of all kinds are satisfactory. But no one need belong unless he pleases, and there is nothing to hinder him from supplying himself elsewhere, or from setting up a store on his own account if so minded. The only restriction is on the sale of liquor, which is strictly prohibited. If he will have it, he must import it for himself, and keep it to himself.

Again, it is equally untrue that any exclusive arrangement is contemplated as to church affairs. It is true that there is only one church, and that at present the only church organization is under the Bishop of Tennessee, who has appointed two lay readers who are responsible for the church services. But it has been specially stipulated that the building is open to the use of settlers of any denomination of Christians who wish to use it, and it is hoped that this arrangement may work satisfactorily in the future, as it has hitherto.

There only remains, I think, one point upon which anything need be said. It has been asked why such a settlement should not rather have been taken to an English colony, or to one of the Western States; and the founders have been accused of a want of patriotism in the one case, and want of foresight in the other, for having selected a Southern State of the Union for their experiment.

As to our colonies, the distance from home is the answer as to all of them except Canada. From Rugby, if a settler is wanted at home he can be there within two weeks instead of six. As to Canada the long winter and the difficulty of finding openings for varied industries on one spot would have turned the

scale in any case. And the same may be said of the North-western States of the Union. The prairie lands of Iowa, Kansas, and other States, above all of Manitoba, are far richer; but droughts, flies, difficulties of drainage, and from five to six months' enforced idleness, so far as agriculture is concerned, had to be considered.

And as to the question of patriotism, speaking now for myself alone, I must say it seems to me that the most patriotic thing an Englishman can do just now is to help in drawing as close as possible the bonds which unite his country to the United States. Unhappily, as I think, the imperial or anti-Continental policy (as I believe it is called) in Canada is not working in this direction. The determination of both political parties in the Dominion to construct at an enormous cost the long section of the Canada Pacific Railway to the north of Lake Superior can bear but one interpretation, involving the possibility in the future of hostilities between the two countries. An Englishman's first wish should be to make this impossible, and I do not know how he can do this better than by sending all that can be spared of our best blood into the United States.

The objection to this policy here takes many shapes, but is really founded on jealousy of the growing power and prosperity of the United States, and a fear lest they should outstrip England in other ways as decisively they have already done in the extent of their home territory. Such jealousy may be allowed to be natural, but is neither wise nor dignified. We do not admire a father wincing at the success of his son, who has built up for himself a bigger business than that of the old firm, or has acquired more acres than are numbered in the paternal estate. Why should we regard as patriotic in a nation what is only contemptible in an individual?

And again, speaking for myself

only, I am free to admit that the resolve arrived at, without reference to any but economical considerations, to make the experiment in a Southern State was particularly welcome. What we English want, looking to the future, is, not only that England and America should be fast friends, but that the feeling of union in the States themselves should be developed as soundly and rapidly as possible—that all wounds should be healed, and all breaches closed, finally and for ever—for the sake of our race and of mankind. Much still remains to be done for this end, and I am convinced that a good stream of Englishmen into the Southern States may and will materially help on the good cause.

No Englishman, according to his

powers and opportunities, worked harder than I by tongue and pen, twenty years ago, against the cause for which the Southern States staked all that was dearest to them, in their struggle to break up the nation and perpetuate slavery. I held then, and hold still more strongly than ever, that they were in the wrong, and that their success would have been the greatest misfortune the world could have suffered in our time. But I am glad now, by lending such small help as I can, to build up some of their waste places, to show my respect and good will for a people of English blood, who fought through one of the gallantest fights of all history, against overwhelming odds, though for a thoroughly bad cause.

THOMAS HUGHES.

"THE CUP," AT THE LYCEUM.

To all who set a due value upon literature and art, the production of a drama by the Poet-Laureate, under the auspices of Mr. Henry Irving, must be an event of considerable interest; and those who have taken delight in Mr. Tennyson's lyrical works, loving to abstract their thought in the promptings of his passionate imagination, naturally look with longing to its embodiment in a dramatic form which is to make it vital for the whole world. Such anticipations, however, cannot be wholly free from fear; for although it is evident that a great lyrical poet must possess that true note of human passion which is the highest attribute of the poetical dramatist, it does not follow that he has also that other attribute, the skill of the playwright, which is the more necessary of the two for the perfect success of a stage representation.

In the playwright's skill is comprised the power of developing passion succinctly, with sufficient brevity to be strong, with sufficient amplitude to be intelligible, and of supporting it by variety of movement and by action of such general interest as to engage the sympathies of divers classes of spectators. Besides this, there is needed such knowledge of construction as to lead on the audience to the close of the plot without any great effort on their part.

Constructive power of this description, with a complete apprehension of the requirements of the stage, very rarely accompanies the great gifts of the lyrical poet, and if we glance at the list of men thus distinguished we find it a small one. In Germany we count two—Goethe and Schiller; in France two—Alfred de Musset and Victor Hugo; in England one—Shakespeare, unless indeed we consent

to take in Dryden as a dramatist, which we might do for the quantity of his plays, but cannot for their quality. France possesses two other well-known poetical dramatists in Racine and Corneille, but they were not renowned as lyrical poets, neither were the great dramatists of Spain, De Vega and Calderon.

A poet who writes for the stage must be under grave difficulties if he lives away from the region of theatres; and those who have been most remarkable for this dual excellence have been constant lovers of the stage, if not in actual connection with it.

Goethe was an assistant in the direction of the theatre at Weimar; Schiller, at the age of twenty-four, was appointed theatre-poet at Mannheim; Musset was the intimate friend of Rachel, and almost lived at the Théâtre Français; Victor Hugo was an enthusiast for the acted drama, and made it one of his foremost objects in life to break the fetters of French tragedy and to make it soar; Shakespeare was an actor and a manager. It is enough for the lyric poet to know the secrets of nature and the recesses of the human heart, but an intimate acquaintance with the ways of the stage is required to make a great play-writer. When, therefore, Mr. Tennyson's tragedy of *Queen Mary* was announced some six years ago for representation at the Lyceum, then under the management of Mrs. Bateman, the warmest admirers of the poet were apprehensive as to the result; for Mr. Tennyson had lived his thoughtful life apart from the theatrical world.

They were not surprised, therefore, that this drama, though always noble in diction and often exalted in passion, failed to take a firm hold of the stage. The subject was unsympathetic to the

general run of playgoers, and its treatment was deficient in variety.

The poet's next theatrical production was *The Falcon*, founded upon a somewhat repelling story of Boccaccio. It contained passages worthy of the poet; but it filled only one act, and is to be regarded rather as a dramatic recitation than as an acted play.

The tragedy of *The Cup*, now under our consideration, is in two acts, as short then as a tragedy can be; it has far more of dramatic interest and poetry than either of its predecessors, and leaves the mind stimulated and uplifted with a pervading sense of beauty.

The subject has the simplicity and passion suited to tragedy, and may be briefly told.

Sinnatus, the Galatian ruler of Galatia, subject to Rome, is engaged in a secret conspiracy against the Roman Government. He has a wife beautiful and devoted, Camma, whose charms have, unknown to herself, excited the passion of Synorix, a Galatian, who formerly held the position of Tetrarch of Galatia, now filled by Sinnatus. Expelled from Galatia on account of his tyranny and debauchery, he fled to Rome, and served three years with his army, doing his utmost against his native land; he returns to Galatia, urged by his love for Camma, with the resolve to win her for his own. As a first approach he sends her a cup rescued from a burning shrine of Artemis, in a city through which he passed with the Roman army. In the letter which accompanies the cup he signs himself "a Galatian forced to serve in the Roman army."

After this he contrives to join Sinnatus in the chase, as a stranger Greek under a feigned name. The hunt concluded, he finds an opportunity of persuading Camma that he has been sent as a Roman spy to seize Sinnatus, whose conspiracy is discovered, and to deliver him up to Antonius, the Roman general, to be tortured, scourged, and slain. He

assures her that he will not do this; but he adds that he has no power to save him from Antonius, who will arrive on the morrow. Camma alone can hope to prevail with the general, and for this purpose she must go to meet him at early dawn, when she will find him before the temple. To this proposal Camma listens, and is almost decided to embrace it, when Sinnatus appears, and denounces his false guest of the chase as the tyrant Synorix: he has been recognised by one whose wife he had dishonoured. Sinnatus, because he is his guest, shows him a way of escape from the enraged populace, but at the same time declares himself his mortal enemy. Camma now hesitates whether to follow this man's directions, but, impelled by terror for her husband, finally resolves to meet Antonius as proposed, but to carry her dagger with her. She goes; and, instead of the Roman general, finds Synorix, who reveals his passion. As he seeks to compel her to go with him, she draws her dagger; he wrests it from her. At this moment Sinnatus arrives and seizes Synorix, who, plunging the dagger into him, kills him on the spot. Camma takes refuge in the temple, of which she becomes high priestess. Synorix, having now regained the command of Galatia, asks her hand in marriage, and requests that the ceremony may take place on the day of his crowning. To the astonishment of the Galatians, she consents. The bridal rites are begun inside the temple with great pomp; Synorix prays before the shrine of Artemis for a blessing on his marriage. Camma's invocation, which follows, sounds like a curse. It is a Galatian custom that bride and bridegroom should drink from the same cup before the conclusion of the ceremony. Camma drinks out of the cup sent to her by Synorix, and then offers it to him. He drinks deep. She has poisoned the cup, and both die. Such is the outline of the story.

The first act closes with the death

of Sinnatus outside the temple; the second and last with the suicide of Camma and murder of Synorix. This tragedy, then, is severely compressed; feelings and motives have to explain themselves with remarkable brevity, and characters have to be read by electric flashes. This is the case with some of the old Greek plays, and also with the acted dramas of the modern French poet before mentioned, Alfred de Musset. There is nothing, however, in Mr. Tennyson's work, except its brevity, that in any way resembles that of Musset; there is far more of affinity with the Greek poets: the personages are few, the characters are rather outlined than painted, the events are dire, and the dialogue is somewhat scanty. If the words are scarce, however, they are beautiful; and the fatal consequences of Camma's error, though they appear precipitate, are not unnatural; nor does she herself fail to excite considerable interest: she is with her conjugal and her religious devotion, with her tender fears and her resolute vengeance, essentially feminine; and she is invested by the poet with a singular, indescribable beauty.

It is in the scene where she awaits her lord, and he afterwards joins her, that she utters her sweetest harmonies; she apprehends danger for him, and taking up her lyre at once to sooth herself and to invoke his return, she sings—

"No Sinnatus yet; and there the rising moon—

Moon on the field and the foam,
Moon on the waste and the wold,
Moon, bring him home, bring him home
Safe from the dark and the cold.
Home, sweet moon, bring him home,
Home with the flock to the fold,
Safe from the wolf."

These lines seem as growing sentiments of evil which the audience is led to share. Afterwards, when Sinnatus and Synorix come back from the hunt, they get into a hot discussion upon the signature of the sender of the cup, "a Galatian serving by force

in the Roman army;" and in reply to the boasting valour of Sinnatus, Synorix says—

"My good lord Sinnatus,
I was once at the hunting of a lion;
Roused by the clamour of the chase, he woke,
Came to the front of the wood, his monarch
 mane
Bristled about his quick ears; he stood there
Staring upon the hunter. A score of dogs
Gnaw'd at his ankles: at the last he felt
The trouble of his feet—put forth one paw,
Slew four, and knew it not, and so remained
Staring upon the hunter: and this Rome
Will crush you, if you wrestle with her—then,
Save for some slight report in her own
Senate,
Scarce know what she has done."

He appeals to Camma's wisdom to support his arguments for submission; but she replies—

"Sir, I had once
A boy who died a babe! But were he living
And grown to man, and Sinnatus willed it, I
Would set him in the front rank of the fight
With scarce a pang. Sir, if a state submit
At once, she may be blotted out at once,
And swallowed in the conqueror's chronicle;
Whereas, in wars of freedom and defence,
The glory and grief of battle won or lost
Solders a race together—yea, though they fall,
The names of those who fought and fell are
 like
A banked-up fire that flashes out again
From century to century, and at last
May lead them on to victory—I hope so—
Like phantoms of the gods."

These extracts hardly require comment; it must at once be felt by every reader that this dialogue, poetical and vigorous, picturesque and not unreal, the possible utterance of a possible man and woman, has no parallel upon our stage unless in Shakespeare's plays, while at the same time it has not the fault of aiming at Shakespeare's manner: a true poet cannot be imitative, and Tennyson is essentially original.

The heroic impulse which fires Camma in her reply to Synorix springs from a movement of swift indignation, sharp as it is womanly. The true wife, who hears her hearth and her faith menaced by a stranger, finds hot words for reply, and her imagination works fast and supplies ideas to her lord.

When that lord is killed by the treacherous stranger the passion of her love becomes the passion of vengeance, and to slay his slayer is her one thought. She has no power to destroy but that of craft, the only force of the conquered; therefore it is that she seems to accept his offered hand and endures for a while the proceeding of bridal rites, not until her appeal to Artemis, betraying the secret desire of of her heart.

Synorix prays :

"O Thou that dost inspire the germ with life,
The child a thread within the house of birth,
And give him limbs, then air, and send him forth
The glory of his father—Thou whose breath
Is balmy wind to robe our hills with grass,
And kindle all our vales with myrtle blossom,
And roll the golden oceans of our grain,
And sway the long grape branches of our vines,
And fill all hearts with fatness and the lust
Of plenty—make me happy in my marriage.

CHORUS.

"Artemis, Artemis, hear him, Ionian Artemis !"

Then Camma—

"O Thou that slayest the babe within the womb,
Or in the being born, and after slayest him
As boy or man, great goddess, whose stern voice
Unsockets the strong oak and rears his root
Beyond his head, and strews our fruits, and lays
Our golden grain, and runs to sea and makes it
Foam over all the fleet wealth of kings
And peoples, hear !
Who bringest plague and fever, whose quick flash
Smites the memorial pillar to the dust ;
Who causteth the safe earth to shake and gape,
And gulf and flatten in her closing chasms,
Doomed cities, hear !
Whose lava-torrents blast and blacken a province
To a cinder—hear !
Whose winter cataracts find a realm and leave it
A waste of rock and ruin—hear ! I call thee
To make my marriage prosper to my wish.

CHORUS.

"Artemis, Artemis, hear her, Ephesian Artemis !"

CAMMA.

"Artemis, Artemis, hear me, Galatian Artemis !
I call on our own goddess in our own temple.

CHORUS.

"Artemis, Artemis, hear her, Galatian Artemis !"

Every line of the prayer of Synorix has its charm of delicious harmony, and rouses the imaginative intellect of the hearer ; it is such an appeal as well might move a God to mercy and to benediction ; while that of Camma, with its rapid conjuration of disastrous images hurrying towards a culmination of horror, compels the thunderpeal, and foretells a great catastrophe.

As dramatic poetry, these two invocations can hardly be surpassed ; it is, however, surprising that Synorix should receive with so much calm a commination service in lieu of a marriage benediction, unless we suppose him cognisant of his bride's present detestation, and certain to make it yield hereafter. Granting this, it is still more astonishing that the great assemblage in the temple should not revolt at this curse, should not be startled into action, should not break up the meeting and cry out against the blasphemy.

It is impossible to suppose that, after so unequivocal a malediction from the high priestess, the ceremonials of the wedding should be suffered to continue.

In our own country and our own time it could not be ; still less could it be in ancient Greece, where, upon a sacred occasion, nothing unpropitious was ever tolerated.

The conclusion of the tragedy comes somewhat abruptly upon the spectators, and viewed as an acted play, a little more explanation of motive and feeling might be desirable ; but it is better to be too short than too long, and explanations long drawn out have been the ruin of many dramatists.

On the whole, this two-act tragedy

has sufficient vitality to make it popular, even if it were shorn of some of its poetry, with its poetry, although, like all human works subject to criticism, of a rare beauty, whether we regard it as a stage representation or as a composition for silent study, and Mr. Irving's theatrical management surrounds it with fine influences.

The "vine, cypress, poplar, myrtle, bowering in the city," "the grove upon the mountain," "the swaying vines," are visible to the outward eye without the trouble of thought; and the interior of the temple, rich and solid, with the bronze statue of Artemis in the background, fills the mind with a sense of awe and grandeur. The religious ceremonies are impressive, and if not chronologically exact are sufficiently suggestive of the time and place. Glowing colour and the perfume of incense help to stir the imagination, and the charm of music is added. The music of the chorus is especially remarkable for the force of its dramatic expression. All these things are important aids to a dramatist; and a far greater one is to be found in the acting, for the two principal characters, Synorix and Camma, are filled by two performers capable of poetry in its highest significance—Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. Camma possesses everything, loses nothing, in Miss Terry's representation. Her fair beauty, her movement free and graceful, her tender tones, win the heart, and the passion of Synorix is: at once understood.

She wears the Greek costume as if she had been born in it; and as if by chance, but probably by the study that knows how to conceal itself, she falls into positions which recall the best of the Greek sculptures. Her song of love and fear stirs our sweetest emotions, and when, as the Priestess—white and cold, with a stony stare—she moves on to her act of meditated punishment or revenge, she does not strut, or bellow, or assume a new character, but is still the same woman, though with another passion at her heart. She speaks verse with an appearance of spontaneity, and at the same time with a full appreciation of the sound and music of the poet.

Synorix is a personage who demands all Mr. Irving's skill and intellect to give him interest, for beyond his intelligence and strength of purpose he has no quality to call out sympathy. As now acted he is interesting. His ruling passion, his craft, his courage, and the destiny towards which he seems impelled to move, are so shown forth as to stimulate and constantly engage attention; yes, even when the glow of the setting sun stealing over the mountain-tops threatens to distract general observation; and one of the audience exclaiming, "Oh! look at the sunset, it is quite real!" is silenced by another, who replies in a tone of rebuke, "Hush! Irving is going to speak, and he is still more a reality."

JULIET POLLOCK.

THE PREVENTION OF FLOODS.

It has been observed by a French moralist that "misfortunes are in morals what bitters are in medicine—each is at first disagreeable; but as the bitters act as corroborants to the stomach, so adversity chastens and ameliorates the disposition." If this aphorism may be applied to bodies of individuals with reference to particular misfortunes, it may be fairly asserted that few classes of Englishmen ought to be more chastened and ameliorated in disposition than those who own lands on the banks, or inhabit houses in the neighbourhood, of our rivers; and were the riparian owner not also a man, we might picture him hearing that his harvest had been ruined by floods with merely a calm interest in the natural phenomenon, or listening with a quiet smile to the news that his cellars were full of water, and that twenty feet of his garden-wall had given way before an extraordinarily high tide.

Every spring, autumn, and winter since 1874, we have heard with melancholy regularity of the damage caused by the overflow of our rivers; and "*Disastrous Floods*," "*Serious Injury to Property caused by the Late Storm*," now figure as common headings in the papers after a more than usually heavy rainfall. The rains of the last few months appear to have been more than ordinarily damaging in their effects, and recall the floods of 1877, when the total damage was estimated at 200,000*l.*, and a fund was raised by the Lord Mayor to assist the poorer sufferers. From Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Derbyshire, from Lincolnshire, Bedfordshire, and Cambridgeshire, from Warwickshire, Staffordshire, and Leicestershire, from Worcestershire, Herefordshire, Shropshire, and North Wales, from the whole valley of the Thames, including the

low-lying country in and round London, from Hampshire, the Isle of Wight, Dorsetshire, Somersetshire, and Devonshire, the reports have been all to the same purpose. Crops have been washed away, houses flooded, and furniture, stores, and property of all kinds destroyed; railroads and highways have been rendered impassable, and the traffic on canals has been stopped; while all agricultural and many manufacturing and mining operations have been suspended.

"No man," says Terence, "was ever endowed with a judgment so correct and judicious in regulating his life but that circumstances, time, and experience could teach him something new;" and no doubt many must have learned some rather startling lessons from these inroads of a rather despised element. Few things were ever more creditable to the promptness and resource of Englishmen than the fact reported in the papers a couple of years ago, that while Brixton was invaded by a flood, and the road laid under water, *two boats* suddenly made their appearance to convey the population from their houses to the omnibuses! Boats have, however, been in constant requisition in many towns and districts during the last few months, and, unless a remedy be found for the present condition of things, may become as indispensable to the safety of the inhabitants as fire-engines.

In many villages in the valley of the Great Ouse, in Huntingdonshire, the people were obliged to live during the whole of the past summer in the upper stories of their houses, and to be provisioned by boats; and the necessity of "taking refuge up stairs," as one paper describes it, and of travelling, if at all, by water, has, during the autumn and winter floods been experienced in many towns.

This was the case, amongst others, at Derby, Belper, and Ilkeston, in Derbyshire; at Hereford and in its neighbourhood; at Tetbury and Kidderminster, in Worcestershire; at Leeds, Malton, Sheffield, and Rotheram, in Yorkshire; at Leicester; at Retford and Nottingham, in Nottinghamshire; and at Lichfield and Tamworth, in Staffordshire. At the latter place the water was described as rushing through the houses with the force of a river, and the streets as resembling Venetian canals. In the open country the transformation of land into water naturally produced finer effects. Thus the valley of the Lugg, which rises in Radnorshire and joins the Wye below Hereford, is said to have presented the appearance of a sea fifteen miles long, and the meadows above and below Leicester are stated to have been like inland seas. The meadows near Banbury, in Oxfordshire, some flooded valleys in the Isle of Wight, the district between Malton and Pickering, in Yorkshire, and the valley of the Rother and the Don, near Rotheram, were all turned into vast lakes. At Sinnington, in Yorkshire, the railway station was converted into an island; and at Rotheram, all the road between the two lines of railway had the appearance of a rapid river.

That the phenomenon of floods has its dangerous as well as its picturesque side might be proved, did space allow, by cases such as that which occurred at Belper, in Derbyshire, during the last floods, where two constables on their way to the police-station were alarmed by a tremendous crash, and discovered that the road on which they were walking, together with some twenty yards of wall, had been precipitated into the Derwent.

It is necessary, however, to draw attention to a more important aspect of the question—the damage done to all kinds of property, and the interruption to so many industries, caused by these visitations. It is only too

easy to gather evidence on this point as to particular places from the reports in the newspapers of the last three months. Thus during the later October floods we read :—

“At Darlington work had to be suspended at Pease’s mills. At North Ormsby, in the same district, the railway embankment was carried away, and traffic stopped for several hours. At Belper work had to be suspended. At Dewsbury the centre of the town was flooded, and much damage done to the stocks of the shopkeepers. At Kidderminster many of the carpet manufactories had to be stopped, though care had been taken to save the stocks; and at Stourport much damage was done. At Leeds several large mills were stopped, and hundreds of workmen thrown out of employment, the damage to houses and furniture being estimated at thousands of pounds. At Tamworth, Litchfield, and other places in the neighbourhood business was at a standstill, and trees, furniture, and farm-yard utensils were swept along by the waters. At Wandsworth, Fulham, and Battersea in the south, and at Stratford, Plaistow, and Barking eastwards, the water found its way in some hundreds of cases into the basements of houses, causing much damage, and, in many cases, necessitating the removal of furniture. Lewisham suffered in a similar manner, whole streets being flooded, and hundreds of houses inundated. In Middlesex, Kent, Essex, and some parts of Surrey agricultural operations had to be partially suspended.”¹

The following extracts from accounts of the December and November floods are to the same effect :—

“The Thames, in the district between Penton, Hook, and Reading, is once more upon the rise. . . . Some portions of Eton College are inundated. . . . Low-lying land in the Wraysbury, Old Windsor, and Staines districts is fast becoming inundated, and unless some fine weather intervenes a great deal of loss will be sustained by farmers in the Thames valley. In East Staffordshire tremendous tracts of land are submerged. The farmers are suffering heavily by losses occurring in their sheep flocks. In Derbyshire navigation on the principal canals is stopped. . . . Farmers round Derby have experienced considerable difficulty in saving cattle left over night in meadows adjacent to the rivers. . . . Several hundred hands are temporarily thrown out of work owing to the flooding of the extensive cotton-mills. . . . Most of

¹ When speaking at a deputation to be presently referred to, Mr. Magniac mentioned the case of a farmer known to him who had not seen a large part of his farm for two years, though he had to pay rent for it.

the principal lead mines are flooded, and work has consequently been suspended. . . . In Herefordshire the Wye, Lugg, and Arrow overflowed, submerging hundreds of acres, and several head of stock are reported to have been washed away."

The accounts of damage caused in the low-lying districts of London by the great flood of the 18th of January, 1881, were of a still more disastrous nature.

It would be ludicrous were it not sad to see so rich and busy a city, able to command the services of some of the most eminent engineers in the world, suffering so grievous a calamity to fall, almost periodically, on the poorer portion of its population. At a meeting of the "Lambeth Inundation Committee" (*absit omen!*) the chairman stated that this was the fourth time that that body had been called upon to alleviate distress between 1874 and the present year, and in certain districts it appeared that the suffering caused by the visitation had never been exceeded. People in Bankside, Upper Ground Street, and thoroughfares adjacent to Stamford Street, Blackfriars, received no warning, and were utterly helpless. The noisome flood, bearing with it quantities of ice and filth burst into the basements, rose to the height in some cases of six feet, in others of ten or twelve feet in the rooms, and after the tide had turned still remained in many dwellings a foot deep. Furniture was destroyed, bedding saturated, and houses rendered unfit for habitation. Among the sufferers whose homes were thus suddenly wrecked were one hundred and twenty families inhabiting the houses in Prince's Square. In Broadwell a policeman waded knee-deep into the flood and rescued several children, who with their mothers were crying for help, returning again and again till he himself had to be rescued by a van. One tradesman who had six years ago sustained grievous loss, was said to have had the whole of his machinery and stock destroyed, and others were reported as having suffered almost to the same

extent. At the Royal Hospital in the Waterloo-Bridge-Road twenty women and children were received on the night of the inundation who had barely had time to escape in their saturated clothes. The rector of Christchurch, Southwark, appealed through the papers in behalf of some fifty families rendered homeless and destitute. Not Southwark only but Lambeth, Wapping, Poplar, Cubitt Town, and other places on the river-side helped to swell the lamentable roll of suffering and ruin, and from most of these districts the clergy made similar applications for help. At Woolwich Dockyard several Government barges were wrecked; the Royal Arsenal was flooded, the fires in the forges extinguished, and the roads rendered impassable. At Lower Charlton many of the houses were inundated, some of them to the depth of three or four feet, and the inhabitants were forced to seek any shelter that offered from the snow-storm.

A more valuable species of testimony, however, is that to be gathered from the statements of the leading authorities and of the agricultural societies in various countries, who, by petitions, meetings, and deputations, have endeavoured to press the subject on the consideration of the Government.

A noteworthy memorial was presented to Mr. Gladstone, in October, by the Mayor and Corporation of St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire. It stated that—"not less than 30,000 acres of fine meat-producing corn and garden land" in the valley of the river Ouse has its annual produce frequently destroyed by the overflowing of the river, "while the health and comfort of a considerable population upon the river banks suffer serious detriment,"¹ and it pointed out that as "the agricultural interest is suffering severely from causes which the Government

¹ Mr. Coote, at a deputation hereafter referred to, stated that the death-rate at Huntingdon had been nearly doubled during the past year.

cannot control . . . no obstacles which it is in the power of Parliament to remove should be allowed to damage the home-producer in the excessive competition to which he is exposed." It estimated the loss to occupiers of flooded lands in the district at 200,000*l.*; and, after referring to the facts that a committee of the House of Lords in 1877 unanimously reported on the necessity for legislation, and that the late Government on this report introduced and carried through the Upper House the Rivers Conservancy Bill, which they were obliged to withdraw on their retirement from office, it concluded by praying Her Majesty's Government to introduce, during the ensuing session, a measure enabling "the owners and occupiers of land and the inhabitants of towns in the watershed of the Ouse to abate an evil under which they suffer in common, as they believe, with most of the other river valleys of the country."

The truth of the statement as to the widespread nature of the evil¹ was fully proved by the speeches of several members of the large and influential deputation of owners and occupiers of property affected by floods, which included, amongst others the Duke of Bedford, the Speaker, the Marquises of Huntly and Tavistock, Mr. Magniac, M.P., Mr. Samuelson, M.P., and Mr. Whitbread, M.P., which waited on Mr. Dodson at the Local Government Board early in November to plead for the early attention of Par-

¹ It should be mentioned by way of exception to this assertion, that a small deputation representing the district of the Tyne, the Tees, and the Wear, waited subsequently on Mr. Dodson (13th Nov.), praying that such district might be excluded from the operation of any Bill to be introduced on the subject, as provision had already been made for the prevention of floods by the local conservancy authorities. There are, doubtless, rivers in the north of England and in Scotland which at present stand in no need of such legislation owing to the nature of the country through which they flow. Whether, however, when dealing with the majority of rivers it would not be wiser to establish one uniform system of conservancy for all appears open to question.

liament to the immense injury caused by the recent inundations both to land and to the banks, beds, and foreshores of rivers.

The Speaker of the House of Commons, as representative of Cambridgeshire, said that the question affected not only that county, but "the rivers of every watershed in the kingdom;" and Mr. Palmer, speaking for the city of Lincoln, and the Earl of Jersey, who spoke on behalf of the Thames and the valleys connected with it, agreed with him in holding the question to be essentially a national one. Mr. Magniac, who also urged that the whole country desired that the matter should be taken up by Parliament, stated that in Bedfordshire tens of thousands of acres were practically under water, and that he was deterred by fear of being charged with exaggeration from giving the estimate he had endeavoured to form of the value of the crops lost during last summer.

Similar sentiments were expressed at a still more recent meeting of the landowners of Leicestershire, called by the High Sheriff, to consider the action Parliament ought to take for the prevention of floods; and a deputation from the county subsequently waited on the President of the Local Government Board on the subject, and stated, *inter alia*, that no less than seven floods have taken place in Leicestershire during the present year, to the destruction and injury of sheep, cattle, and every kind of property.²

In consequence, it is to be presumed, of representations such as these, two Bills are to be brought before the Legislature during the present session—the one a Government measure, which was introduced last month in the House of Lords by Earl Spencer, and the other a Bill, of which Mr. Magniac gave notice at the meeting of Parliament.

² Newspaper reports show that Derbyshire suffered from two floods during the month of October, and from a third in December, described as "the most disastrous and alarming" that has visited that county for a great many years. It would be easy to prove the same of many other counties.

It has been stated that the prevention of floods is an engineer's question, and there is no doubt that inundations are mainly due to the neglect of river conservancy, and also (as was pointed out by Mr. Dodson at the deputation above referred to) in no small degree to the improvement in the drainage of land which has taken place within the last quarter of a century. Its bearings as such were fully discussed by Mr. James Abernethy, F.R.S.E., President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, in his inaugural address to the society on the 11th of January. The subject, however, may be said to concern lawyers almost as much as engineers, on account of the intricate nature of the rights and duties of riparian owners. It may therefore be of interest to note some of the points to be considered in any measure dealing with the subject.

There are three classes of individuals or bodies of individuals whose rights and obligations have to be taken into consideration in any scheme which may be introduced in Parliament with respect to this matter. These are—
1. Riparian owners, or inhabitants of lands and houses on the banks of rivers; and it will be convenient to include under this head those who, though not actually possessing lands on the banks, have property in the valley of a stream or river sufficiently near to it to suffer from the effects of overflow; 2. River Conservators and corporate bodies, such as water companies and canal companies, who are authorised by Act of Parliament to store up and divert water; and 3. Commissioners of Sewers, who, as will be seen, were originally entrusted with the duty of protecting lands against floods.

A riparian owner is not only entitled to have the water of the stream on which his lands are situated flow to him in its natural state so far as it is a benefit to him, but is also bound to submit to any nuisance caused by its tendency to flood his lands, unless the flood be caused by some unau-

thorised act of the proprietors above or below him. He has an ordinary right *prima facie* to protect his lands from inundation, but he must do so without causing injury to others. In times of extraordinary flood, however, the law appears to allow, to a certain extent, the principle of *salvo qui petit*, and on such occasions, therefore, he may exercise (to use the words of a learned judge) "a kind of reasonable selfishness" in guarding against the common enemy.¹

Corporations, such as water and canal companies, authorised by Act of Parliament to store up or divert water are not liable for damage done in the due exercise of their statutory powers, except in cases of negligence, though they may be considered as bound to take measures from time to time to prevent any inconvenience or injury occasioned by their acts to the property of others. As respects River Conservators, there appears to be no common-law liability, even on the owners of the bed of a navigable river, to keep its channel clear of natural obstructions, such as the silting up of the channel and the growth of weeds. Where the navigation of a river is entrusted to such a body of Conservators (whose ownership of the banks and bed is usually vested in them only for the purposes of the navigation), the only duties cast on them are those connected with the protection of the actual navigation, and they are not liable in respect of matters not essential to its improvement.

To the third class noticed above,

¹ What is here stated applies only to riparian owners in the strict legal sense of the word. The owners of lands, or houses sufficiently near to a stream to suffer from its overflow, though included under that name for the purposes of this article, have, of course, in the eyes of the law no riparian rights or obligations. They are, however, greatly interested in the prevention of floods, and may often derive considerable benefit in the augmented value of their land from any measure taken with that object, and, consequently, must be considered liable to a certain extent to bear the burden of it.

Commissioners of Sewers, the duty of protecting lands from the inroads of the sea and of navigable rivers has been entrusted by a series of statutes, of which the most notable was passed in the twenty-third year of Henry VIII. These enactments have conferred on them extensive powers, enabling them to make surveys, to employ the requisite labour, and to order the execution of such works as they deem necessary, the principle on which the expenses are defrayed being that in all cases the cost should be borne by the owners of property in the area benefited. It has been long decided, however, that the jurisdiction of the commissioners extends only to navigable rivers, so that one large source of the frequent floods from which the country suffers—its non-navigable rivers—does not come under their control. Modern requirements have, moreover, led to great changes in the nature of such commissions, many of the functions of which have been transferred to bodies of later growth. Thus their jurisdiction with regard to sewers and nuisances has passed to various sanitary authorities; their powers as to the drainage and improvement of land have for the most part been handed over to the Inclosure Commissioners, and those which they exercised over navigable rivers have now devolved almost entirely on the various Conservancy Boards created for each particular stream.¹

It is manifest from what has been stated, that no adequate powers of checking damage from overflow are to

be found in any of the three classes which have been shown to be most interested in the matter, the only existing authorities able to act being the various Commissioners of Sewers, and the jurisdiction of the latter (which has been much curtailed by legislation) being confined to navigable rivers, which, owing to the measures taken to preserve the navigation, are less likely than any others to cause injury.

The Rivers Conservancy Bill, introduced by the late Government, appears to have been intended, by uniting these three classes, to create public authorities, to be called Conservancy Boards, which should exercise on non-navigable rivers the functions of Commissioners of Sewers as to navigable rivers. The latter class of rivers (as well as all canals) was exempted expressly from its operation, though power was given to existing Conservancy Boards to surrender to the newly created bodies their rights and powers if they so determined. The proposed boards were to be established by order of the Local Government Board, after local inquiry and with the sanction of Parliament, in districts consisting of the whole or any part of the basin of a river, or of the basins of rivers. Before the inquiry, however, could be instituted an application of ten or more owners of land of the aggregate rateable value of 1,000*l.*, or of any sanitary or conservancy authority, "wholly or partly within the basin or basins," was required. One-third of the board was to be composed of life members, who were to be owners of land in the district of the aggregate rateable value of 300*l.*, while the remaining members were to be elected from time to time by the district sanitary and conservancy authorities. To these boards it was proposed to entrust "the conservancy of rivers and water-courses and the mitigation of floods within their district," as well as authority to enforce the Rivers Pollution Prevention Act, 1876. To meet the expenses of putting the Act into

¹ As one instance of this it may be noted that the Metropolis Local Management Act, 1855, transferred to the vestries and District Boards of the metropolis the duties, till then laid upon Commissioners of Sewers, of "causing all banks, wharves, docks, or defences abutting on or adjoining any river, stream, canal, pond, or watercourse, in such parish or district, to be raised, strengthened, altered, or repaired, where it may be necessary so to do, for effectually draining or protecting from floods or inundations such district," and empowered them to charge the expense of the works on the parish or district benefited.

operation, it was provided that a *conservancy rate* should be levied as part of, or on the same basis as, the poor-rate, and that the lands of each district should be classified as *flood-lands*, *intermediate lands*, and *uplands*, the contributions in respect of the last being not more than one-fourth in respect of the first-named description of property.

This measure, which it would be beyond the scope of this article to discuss more fully, will, it appears, form the basis of the Bill now before the Upper House. The provisions of that which Mr. Magniac intends to bring forward were explained by him at the meeting at Leicester mentioned above, and would seem to be formed on a somewhat broader principle. He proposes to re-establish one authority to deal with the whole of the watershed of every river in the country, with full controlling power; a charge being committed to a local authority. His Bill will therefore provide for the formation of small boards, including two or three parishes to do small works, larger boards representing the area of a county, and a general board supervising the whole; the object of the general supervision being that no authority shall do any act which shall damage property under a neighbouring authority. It will also enact that each municipal authority shall, subject to the control of the General Conservancy Board, have full powers within its own area to deal with its own water. With regard to the question of costs, it was stated by Mr. Magniac to be the general opinion that upland proprietors ought to contribute, but that lowland owners ought to contribute more; and those who derive greater advantage from works to be executed ought to contribute still more largely.

It would be presumptuous to decide which of these schemes will prove the most practicable until they have both been discussed thoroughly in Parliament. With regard, however, to the

principles on which they are based, that of Mr. Magniac would appear to commend itself most to those who have observed the tendency of recent changes in the laws regulating all matters connected with water.

All the uses of water have hitherto been left to be developed by individual enterprise; all the inconveniences arising from neglecting to take due care of it have been treated as accidental, and to be remedied only for the time. It would not be hard to point out contradictions in the law relating to water arising from this method of treatment, but it is sufficient to instance here the anomaly that one authority (as, for example, the Thames Conservancy) should be entrusted with the guardianship of a river for the purpose of navigation, while another (such as the metropolitan Local Boards and vestries) should be required to make provision against its overflowing its banks. There are now signs, however, that the water system of the United Kingdom as a whole is beginning to receive study and attention from others than geographers. This has been shown by the scheme laid before the Society of Arts with respect to water supply, of dividing the country into districts so as to utilise best the produce of its watersheds; by the attempts now being made to purify our rivers and to renounce their uses as mere drains; and, it may be added, by the principle of the Bills that have been just discussed, of dealing with overflow by the conservancy of river basins and groups of river basins.

It appears to us that this is the aspect from which the question of the prevention of floods should be regarded, and that it is better to prevent the evil by attending to the conservancy of a river, and giving its waters the channel they require, than attempt to cure it by erecting defences when overflow, produced by neglect, renders it necessary. The recognition, however, of the fact that each river must be dealt with as a whole is but

a step to the acknowledgment that the water system of the kingdom should be treated in a similar manner. If the power of removing obstructions in navigable rivers and preventing floods, now vested in Commissioners of Sewers, were transferred to some central authority like the Local Government Board,¹ and a similar jurisdiction were conferred on it with respect to non-navigable rivers, an opportunity would be given for the establishment of a scientific system of water-conservancy on a large scale. The central authority might be authorised to make, by means of a competent staff of engineers, a survey of the river system of Great Britain, and to establish, where it should deem necessary, Conservancy Boards of the kind proposed by the two Bills noticed above, and to transfer to them the powers of existing bodies of conservators. Such a step would be a benefit to all the parties interested. The rights of riparian owners certainly could not be injured by the fact that their rivers were better looked after, and those using water as a motive power for machinery would gain all the advantages incident to a better regulated and increased volume.

¹ It has been suggested by Mr. John Lloyd that the Salmon Fishery Commissioners, who are representatives of the entire catchment basins of their rivers, are capable of being developed into Conservancy Boards.

If the duty of supplying water for drinking and domestic purposes devolves, as it appears destined to do, on vestries and local authorities, the latter would be placed under the control in this respect of the central body (the Local Government Board) to which they are already subject in regard to other matters. The conservancy of navigation implies, on the face of the term, the preservation of a water highway on which to navigate, so that those concerned with the regulation of traffic and passage might well act in co-operation with, if not in subordination to, Conservancy Boards of the kind here suggested. Lastly, by preserving the purity of our rivers Conservancy Boards would be able to assist in keeping up our fish supply.

In urging the advantages to be derived from such a system as has been here indicated, it would be foolish to ignore the fact that many objections can be made to it, notably on the score of injury to vested interests and the intricate nature of riparian rights. But, be these objections what they may, it is hard to resist the conviction that there is a strong though gradual tendency towards the establishment of a system of comprehensive *water-culture* in England similar to that pursued in Holland and in Italy.

URQUHART A. FORBES.

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